The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* February *will be noticed in the* March *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th March *in the* April *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We are glad to be able to announce that Lady Burne-Jones is actively engaged on a memoir of her distinguished husband. The biography will be copiously illustrated, and will contain specimen drawings never before published. We understand that the materials are abundant.

We are able to announce that Mr. H. W. Lucy has completed his "Diary" of the Unionist Parliament dissolved last October. It will be illustrated by upwards of fifty of Mr. E. T. Reed's drawings of the principal Parliamentary personages—these by special permission of the proprietors of *Punch*. The book will be published early in February by Mr. Arrowsmith of Bristol.

The work on Naples which has occupied Mr. Arthur H. Norway for the last year is now complete, and will be published at an early date. It blends history, legend and description, much in the manner which Mr. Norway made popular in "Highways and Byeways of Devon and Cornwall." The folklore of the Neapolitan district is singularly rich; and Mr. Norway has drawn upon it freely, as well as upon the legends of Madonnas, and other traditions of the Church, which are little known to the majority of even travelled Englishmen. A great quantity of interesting and amusing knowledge is thus brought together which is not easily accessible, but which it has been Mr. Norway's hobby to collect during many years. The book will be illustrated with drawings by Mr. A. G. Ferard.

The Mary Kingsley Society, of which Mr. G. Macmillan is the hon. treasurer, and Mrs. J. R. Green the hon. secretary, has received a very intelligent and encouraging letter from a native of Lagos, West Africa. "I cannot express," he writes, "the pleasure it gives me and the natives generally to find that there is a successor forthcoming to that noble and good woman who did so much to awaken the English public to the truth in regard to the African."

Mrs. Cotes—Sara Jeanette Duncan—has written a new book, which deals with the experiences of a lady turned out into the garden all day long to recuperate her health. This will lend the work an additional interest in view of the great vogue at the present time of fresh-air cures. It will deal with Simla—the author's home—from a garden point of view—life, types, character, and her own reflections. The book will be published serially in the *Queen* prior to its being published in book form in the late spring.

Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's lecturing tour in America is now concluded, and we hear that he is expected in London immediately.

Dr. Conan Doyle is kept fully employed just now revising and bringing up to date his history of the Boer War, which is still having a very brisk sale. So far as we know, it is quite the most successful of all the war books, as up to the present time between forty and fifty thousand copies have been sold.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, who contributed a series of Egyptian stories to the *Pall Mall Magazine* some two years ago, has returned to that country for inspiration for another set of short stories which he is writing for the *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Woods, who produces very slowly, and who has not published a book for several years, will publish a novel during the coming spring.

Mr. W. Sichel has completed a volume on Bolingbroke and his Times, which will be published in the spring. It is the result of three years of deep research and reflection, and is complete in itself, comprising all Bolingbroke's life up to the close of Queen Anne's reign, the history of that time so far as it and he affected each other. Mr. Sichel intends to issue another volume covering the period up to Bolingbroke's death. He has already written in this regard chapters dealing with matters that have hitherto escaped notice, and with the debt both of Gibbon and Burke to Bolingbroke, and he replies to Mr. Leslie Stephen's criticism of Bolingbroke's philosophy. A peculiarity of the work is that Bolingbroke is made to speak in his own words for the first time, and the work has been accomplished at first hand and from original sources. The influence of Bolingbroke on Disraeli will give the work great additional interest.

We understand that Messrs. Macmillan have bought the "Naulahka" by Mr. Kipling and Mr. Balestier

from Mr. Heinemann, and will in future publish it uniform with the other books of Mr. Kipling.

Mr. Grant Richards has in the press "The Autobiography of a Journalist," by Mr. W. J. Stillman. It will be a large work, and ought to be very interesting, as few have had greater resources of experience to draw upon than Mr. Stillman.

Major Martin A. S. Hume has completed and will issue in the spring a new work entitled "The Final Struggle for Catholic Supremacy in England, 1590-1603." It is practically a detailed history of the various attempts made during the last thirteen years of Elizabeth's reign, 1590-1603, to disturb the Protestant supremacy by invasion, plot, and treason. Much of the material is quite new, and the greater part of it has never before been used for historical writing. It will probably take the place of Major Hume's projected long history of the period of which there is no modern researchful chronicle in England.

Among the new novels that will be published shortly by Messrs. Chatto and Windus are "Work," by Zola; "Blue Diamond," by Mrs. L. T. Meade; "Lone Star Rush," by Edmund Mitchell; and "Purple Cloud," by M. P. Shiel. Messrs. Methuen will issue immediately two new novels, "The Third Floor," by Mrs. Dudeney, and "The Narrow Way," by Miss Mary Findlater. Messrs. Chatto and Windus are about to issue a new book on the Life of Robert Louis Stevenson, by H. B. Baildon, uniform with the other books published by them.

The death of Bishop Creighton is deeply deplored by literary men, and especially by students of history. Dr. Creighton's own contributions to historical learning were of high importance, and the work that he accomplished in his six years as Dixie Professor at Cambridge was of far-reaching influence. No one could be more qualified to judge the worth of the man and his work than his intimate friend, Professor Gwatkin, who has contributed a brief but very significant paper to the *Cambridge Review* of January 24th. Speaking of Creighton's work in Cambridge, Mr. Gwatkin says: "It was the great and many-sided work of a great and many-sided man. In society he was the brilliant society man, full of wit and paradox; among students he was the master whose lightest touch told more than the laboured work of other men; yet those who knew him at Embledon might see that his heart was quite as much in parish work as in his studies." He further characterised Creighton as "the most open-minded of men, always feeling his way and taking account of every new fact, but always keeping back decisive action till it was really needed. 'Never deliver an ultimatum,' was his comment when men were sent down wholesale from an Oxford College." Mr. Gwatkin thinks that Creighton found the Historical School in an unsatisfactory state. "Professor Seeley made it efficient enough as a school of practical politics; but it was in no sense a school of history." He concludes with these touching words:

> Of his general influence I need not speak, far less of his work elsewhere. There is but one opinion among those whose privilege it was to work under him. No man of our time in Cambridge had a wider outlook or a more open mind, keener insight or more stimulating conversation; yet even these brilliant gifts were excelled by the quick sympathy and watchful kindness without which no powers of intellect and learning will make a teacher of the highest order. He was great because he knew the strength of gentleness. Of his goodness to myself I cannot trust myself to speak. Only—never was the disappointment of a day turned into more abundant joy than the election which gave Mandell Creighton for my guide and friend.

It may be added that Bishop Creighton, so far as his multifarious ecclesiastical duties permitted, showed himself keenly interested in literature and in literary men. He delighted in their company, and was always accessible and gracious. He had a noble sense of the obligation of service, and what he did seemed to be rather receiving a favour than bestowing it.

We greatly regret to note the death of Mr. F. W. H. Myers, a poet and prose writer of brilliant gifts never adequately realised. Mr. Myers died at Rome on Thursday, January 17th, having been for some time in serious ill-health. He took a brilliant degree in 1864, being bracketed second in the First Class of the Classical Tripos of that year. Later he became an Inspector of Schools, and so remained to the last. He made a brilliant start as author of that poem on "St. Paul" which won the admiration of George Meredith, and which still circulates steadily. It will live longer in all probability than anything else he wrote. His first literary success was attained when he was sixteen, when he very nearly gained the prize offered by the directors of the Crystal Palace Company for the best poem written in honour of Robert Burns on the occasion of his Centenary Celebration. The prize went to Isa Craig, but the judges, Monckton Milnes, Tom Taylor, and Theodore Martin, pronounced young Myers' poem so nearly equal to Miss Craig's that they had "considerable difficulty in deciding between them." The most characteristic verse in the poem was the following:

> "O silent shapes athwart the darkening sky!
> Magnificence of many-folded hills,
> Where the dead mist hangs and the lone hawks cry,
> Seamed with the white fall of a thousand rills;
> O lucid lakes! serene from shore to shore,
> With promontories set of solemn pines,
> Broad mirrors which the pale stars tremble o'er,
> Deep-drawn among the misty mountain lines;
> O holy hearths, intemerate of crime!
> O tale of martyrs by the flickering sod!
> O righteous race, in steadfast toil sublime!
> O noblest poem, "Let us worship God!"
> Ye taught him, shaping truthful days;
> Of you he told to men, for he
> From wayside reeds sweet tone could raise,
> More dear than full accord of symphony.
> Knowing that whatsoe'er the poet sings,
> Of prototyped in nature or in man,
> Moves deeply, though it touch not wrath of kings
> Or frantic battle-van."

It may be added that among the competitors were

Gerald Massey, Arthur J. Munby, John Everett Millais, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and others. Mr. Myers wrote some exquisite essays, published in two precious volumes, entitled "Essays, Classical and Modern," and his monograph on Wordsworth is one of the very best in Mr. Morley's famous series. But he devoted himself mainly to what is known as Psychical Research, and his interest in the subject remained to the end. Indeed, death found him engaged on a book on "Human Personality: Its Survival after Bodily Death." Time will show whether the world gained from this transfer of interest, but at present it is hard to think so.

The Chateau de Zuylestein, which is here reproduced, was till recently the residence of Mr. Van de Poorten Schwartz, the eminent novelist, who, as "Maarten Maartens," is known alike in Europe and America. Mr. Poorten Schwartz has recently removed, and is building a new house a few miles away. The

CASTLE ZUYLESTEIN.

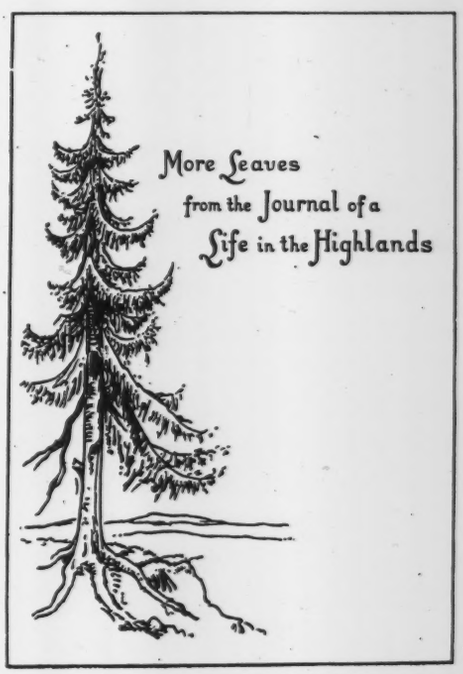
chateau is of great historical interest, and is associated with William of Orange.

The *Daily News* has passed to new proprietors, and the staff has largely changed, though some members are retained. It is understood that the editorship passes to Mr. R. C. Lehmann, who will be assisted by Mr. H. W. Massingham, Mr. Harold Spender, and others. Mr. Herbert Paul will, we believe, continue his connection with the paper. In these columns we have nothing to do with politics, but those who care for literature have a right to watch with a jealous eye the fortunes of the *Daily News*. From the first its literary merits have been high, and happily there is no reason to fear that they will be in any way lowered under the new staff. Mr. Lehmann is himself a man of letters. Mr. H. W. Massingham during his connection with the *Chronicle* brought the reviewing department to the highest state of efficiency, and himself contributed some of the very best articles, while the literary ability of Mr. Herbert Paul and Mr. Harold Spender is unquestioned. If ever the chequered and honourable history of the *Daily News* be written, the historian will have abundance of stirring incidents to deal with. Perhaps the liveliest days were those when the paper was edited by Mr. Frank Hill, and had on its staff the late Professor Minto and Professor Saintsbury.

The designs for both the covers of Queen Victoria's books, "Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands," and "More Leaves from the Journal

DESIGN USED FOR THE COVER OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA'S FIRST BOOK, "LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS."
Gold on a dark green cloth.

of a Life in the Highlands" (of which we give a reduced facsimile of the front sides), are the work of her late Majesty's daughters. They were worked out entirely in gold upon a dark green sand-grained cloth.



DESIGN USED FOR THE COVER OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S SECOND BOOK.
Gold on a dark green cloth.

The first volume made a great sensation upon its appearance, printers and binders being kept at work night and day in order to cope with the demand,

which in those days was a record one. The second book, although an enormous number were sold, did not attain to the vast popularity of its predecessor. Both works have always had a steady sale, and since the lamented death of Her Majesty have been much enquired for.

Mr. R. W. Chambers' new novel, "Cardigan," will, we understand, be published serially in this country in the weekly edition of the *Times*. It will afterwards be published in book form by Messrs. Constable and Co. in this country, and in America by Messrs. Harper and Bros.

We have pleasure in giving a new portrait of Captain

CAPTAIN CAIRNES.

Cairnes, the well-known military critic, whose Life of Lord Roberts is now attracting so much attention.

Mr. Shan F. Bullock has lately finished writing a new novel which, like all of this author's work, deals with rural scenes and characters in the North of Ireland. It has been very highly praised by two well known critics who have seen the manuscript.

Some verses by the author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters" will appear in an early number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

Robert Barr is spending a few weeks in the Island of Capri.

"Ian Maclaren" is continuing the series of stories of Scotch school-boy life which appeared in the *Windsor Magazine*, and the first of the new set will be published in an early number of that magazine.

We understand that the circulation of *Cassell's Magazine* has increased by many thousands in consequence of the publication of Rudyard Kipling's novel "Kim."

There would seem to be a revival of interest in Daniel O'Connor, for besides Mr. Robert Dunlop's biography recently published in Messrs. Putnam's Heroes of the Nations series, we hear that Michael MacDonagh, the author of "Irish Life and Character," and a member of the *Times* staff, has finished a careful study of the agitator and his contemporaries.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason has decided to take a holiday in Egypt, and will probably get as far as Khartoum. Serial stories from his pen will shortly appear in the *Sphere* and in *Cornhill*.

Mr. J. A. Hobson, author of "The War in South Africa: Its Causes and Effects," is publishing in the spring a book on the social problem.

Mr. Frankfort Moore is at present enjoying a well-earned holiday at Ilfracombe.

Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Co., of New York, will issue almost immediately an American edition of "The Compleat Bachellor," the little volume of dialogues which was so successful in this country as the first of the series of books published by Mr. Murray in which Miss Edith Wharton's "A Gift from the Grave" appeared.

Mr. Morley Roberts is busy writing a new novel for publication through Messrs. Sir W. C. Leng and Co.'s syndicate of newspapers.

The MS. of Mr. J. A. Steuart's new novel is now all in the hands of his publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., and it will be issued both here and in America at an early date.

Mr. Bret Harte has written a new short novel, which will shortly be published serially in the *Century Magazine*.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

DECEMBER 13TH, 1900, TO JANUARY 19TH, 1901.

After a very trying year, fraught with many disappointments and much complaining, the closing weeks which formed the Christmas season came as a solatium to the trade. Busy as that time generally is, the pressure commenced somewhat earlier than is customary, and it soon became apparent that we were in for a record run. Not for a number of years have we experienced such a demand for literature of every class, and every branch of the trade had to exert itself to the utmost in order to successfully cope with it.

With the passing of the Festival, a period of comparative slackness has ensued, but a very fair amount of trade has been transacted throughout the present month.

Events still stimulate an interest in connection with the South African Campaign. "The Great Boer War," by Conan Doyle, "How we Escaped from Pretoria," by Captain Haldane, and several of the more popular works in connection with the subject have experienced a ready sale. "An Absent-Minded War" moves as briskly as ever; and

"From Boer to Boer and Englishman," by Paul Botha, has been eagerly sought after, and has, according to the daily press, considerably exercised the mind of the ubiquitous De Wet.

The output of 6s. novels during the past month has been very limited, the most noticeable being "A Missing Hero," by Mrs. Alexander; "The Wastrel," by Mary A. Dickens; "In the Name of a Woman," by A. W. Marchmont; and "Eben Holden," by Irving Bacheller. The most popular continue to be "The Master Christian," "Rue with a Difference," and "In the Palace of the King."

In Biography, "Napoleon: the Last Phase," continues to be foremost; whilst "Cromwell," by Morley; "Life of Earl Roberts" and "The Life of Irene Petrie," by Mrs. Carus Wilson, have been very popular.

"An Englishwoman's Love-Letters" has proved one of the leading features of the season, over 25,000 copies having been disposed of. It is pleasing also to see that a hearty reception is being given by the public to the works of our standard authors—Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott—more especially in the new issues, such as the New Century Library, and the New Pocket Edition and New Border Edition of the Waverley novels.

Good sales have been effected in many of the annuals, the *Daily Mail* Year Book having proved an immense success; whilst our old friends, "Whitaker" and "Hazell," well maintain their position.

Amongst the magazines, several new arrivals deservedly claim our attention. The *Ladies' Magazine*, the *Twentieth Century*, and the *Thrush*. The latter is somewhat unique in that it caters solely for the poetical taste of the public.

Subjoined is our list of the best selling books during the past month:—

The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)
Rue with a Difference. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)
In the Palace of the King. By F. M. Crawford. 6s. (Macmillan.)
An Englishwoman's Love Letters. 5s. net. (J. Murray.)
Richard Yea and Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Isle of Unrest. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Emma Marshall. By Beatrice Marshall. 6s. (Seeley.)
Irene Petrie. By Mrs. Carus Wilson. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Eleanor. By Mrs. H. Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Herod. By Stephen Phillips. 3s. 6d. net (Lane.)
The Great Boer War. By Conan Doyle. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
How we Escaped from Pretoria. By Captain Haldane. 1s. (W. Blackwood.)
From Boer to Boer and Englishman. By Paul Botha. 1s. (Rees.)
An Absent-Minded War. By a British Officer. 1s. (J. Milne.)
Napoleon: the Last Phase. By Lord Rosebery. 7s. 6d. (Humphreys.)
Roberts' (Earl) Forty-one Years in India. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)
Daily Mail Year Book. 1s. net. (Office.)
Hazell's Annual. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton).
Whitaker's Almanack. 1s. and 2s. 6d. (Whitaker.)
Together with the various volumes in the New Century Library, the New Pocket Waverley, and the re-issue of the Border Waverley.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Dec. 22—Busiest week of the year.
,, 29—Great pressure immediately before Christmas.
Jan. 5—Quiet week in all departments.
,, 12—Still quiet, but brisker in Colonial trade.
,, 19—Business steady, about the average amount for time of year.

(2) SCOTLAND.

DECEMBER 15TH, 1900, TO JANUARY 19TH, 1901.

A very quiet Christmas trade was experienced throughout the country, and with the advent of the New Year expectations of improved business were not realised.

There was no lack of variety in publications suitable for Christmas sale, but war books and several biographical works were most prominent in the business done.

Amongst war books, Doyle's "Great Boer War" leads easily; and for "In the Ranks of the C.I.V." and such-like personal experiences there was a ready sale. In biography, perhaps the most popular work in Scotland was the "Life of F. G. Tait," and the book of general interest in this department was the "Life of General Wauchope," which again went out of print. Many volumes dealing with the career of Earl Roberts were much in request; and religious biography was well represented in "Irene Petrie's" Life, and also that of Rev. G. H. C. Macgregor. Bullen's "With Christ at Sea" had a specially hearty reception in the west of Scotland; and Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon" continued to sell freely.

As a book of travel, "In the South Seas," by R. L. Stevenson, was the leading book; and the most interesting work dealing with foreign affairs was "China's Only Hope," by Chung Chih-Tong. The following four volumes were noticeable in orders received:—"The Tragedy of Herod," by S. Phillips; "Mr. Dooley's Philosophy," "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," and the new edition of Darwin's "Origin of Species." Sixpenny editions of popular works had only a limited sale, and no one specially gained attention. Of course, there was the usual brisk sale of Annuals, Annual Volumes, Diaries, and Almanacs, which is always a feature at this season; but for the extra Christmas numbers of serial publications there was a decided decline noticeable on all hands.

The six shilling novel maintained its leading position, and fair orders were taken for "Eleanor," by Mrs. H. Ward; "Quisante," by A. Hope; "Tommy and Grizel," by J. M. Barrie; "Isle of Unrest," by H. S. Merriman; and "The Master Christian," by M. Corelli.

Eleanor. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)
Quisante. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)
Tommy and Grizel. By J. M. Barrie. 6s. (Cassell.)
Penelope's Experiences. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. 6s. (Gay and Bird.)
Edward Barry. By Louis Becke. 6s. (Unwin.)
In the South Seas. By R. L. Stevenson. 6s. (Chatto.)
Herod. By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. (Lane.)
An Englishwoman's Love Letters. 5s. (Murray.)
The Great Boer War. By A. Conan Doyle. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
General Wauchope. By W. Baird. 2s. 6d. (Oliphant.)
Life of F. G. Tait. By J. L. Low. 6s. (Nisbet.)
Life of Irene Petrie. By Mrs. Carus Wilson. 6s. (Hodder.)
With Christ at Sea. By F. T. Bullen. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Isle of Unrest. By H. Seton Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
The Golden Gate of Prayer. By Dr. Miller. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Napoleon: the Last Phase. By Lord Rosebery. 7s. 6d. (Humphreys.)
In the Ranks of the C.I.V. By C. Childers. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Life of Rev. G. H. C. Macgregor. 6s. (Hodder.)
Darwin's Origin of Species. 2s. 6d. (Murray.)

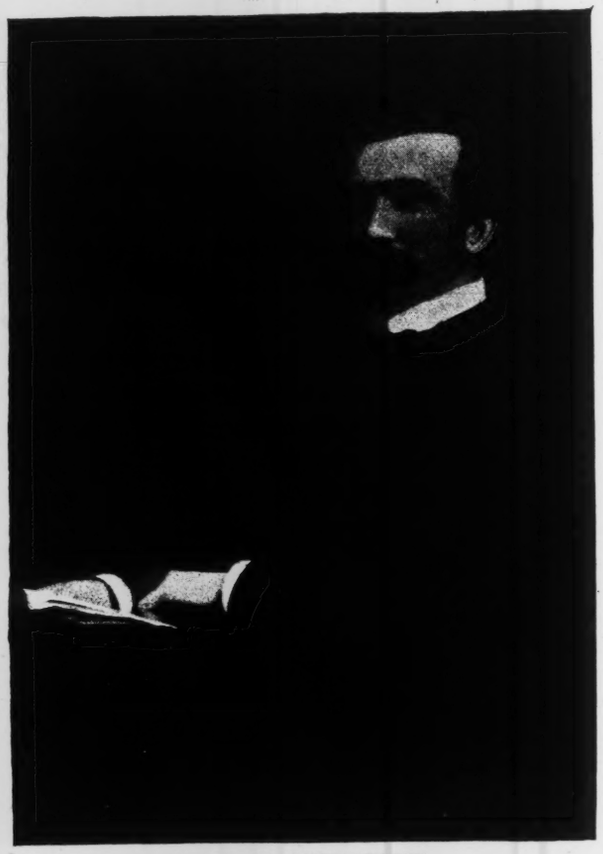
NEW WRITERS.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

THE story of Mr. St. John Adcock's literary career is more of the nature of the traditional stories of Bohemian vicissitude than those we have grown accustomed to in these days of first-book reputations; it is full of chance and change, discouragement and encouragement, pluck and perseverance.

Though now only about thirty-six, Mr. St. John Adcock's literary experiences have been many and varied; indeed, he admits that he cannot remember a time when he was *not* writing.

As soon as he left school Mr. Adcock entered a lawyer's office, and at that time spent all his spare hours in writing



MR. A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.
From a photo specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by Elliott & Fry.*

plays, narrative poems, and many novels, the average length of which was well over a hundred chapters.

"However worthless they were," Mr. Adcock says, referring to these early experiments, "I used to get sufficiently absorbed in them to sit working at them late at night after I came home from the office, and sometimes to get up early in the morning and give an hour to them before I went down to the City. Reading and writing were the only pleasures I cared about, so the fact that I could not afford others counts for nothing. All my spare cash went to the second-hand bookshops, and such cash in those days being particularly spare, not a few books represent dinners I have not eaten."

Mr. Adcock's first literary earnings came from the half of a prize (a guinea prize) won in *Society* in 1882, Mr. G. B. Burgin, then a stranger to him, taking the other half. After that Mr. Adcock's work began to appear in *Young Folks Paper*, then edited by Mr. Robert Leighton, and in *Home Chimes*, edited by Mr. F. W. Robinson, who pronounced one of the sketches of this beginner—"A County Court Waiting-Room"—as good as a sketch by "Boz."

From that time the climb up the ladder of success has been sure though gradual. He did a deal of work for Mr. James Henderson's "Red Lion House" publications, being a frequent contributor of stories, essays, and verse to one of them, and contributing a short story regularly every week to another for the greater part of three years. This was not a matter of arrangement.

"I simply sent the stories more and more frequently," writes Mr. Adcock, "until it happened that I was sending one every week. I have only met Mr. Henderson once, and to this day have never seen the editor of the paper I am referring to. I mention this as showing that personal introductions and the worrying of editors for interviews is not necessary. I have always sent my MSS. through the post, and cannot remember that I ever lost one. All I have written, until two years ago, has taken its chance in this way, so that I have contributed three longish serials to one London weekly, and have not so much as set eyes on the editor yet."

Lawyer, contributor, editor, proprietor, in turn, and together, Mr. Adcock's reminiscences would form an amusing volume. A staff appointment on a comic weekly was one of his first dignities. This journal was started in Manchester, but on moving to London, the staff, with one exception, refused to follow. "Meet me at my London office," wrote the excited editor to Mr. Adcock; "I want you to throw yourself into the breach." Mr. Adcock did so, the paper died a few months later, and he withdrew from the breach, with nothing but the glory of having been in it. The same editor appeared again, however, three years later as proprietor of several trade journals, and again attached Mr. Adcock to him. Shortly after this Mr. Adcock, with several friends, founded a comic weekly, and himself became an editor, everyone except the cartoonist working for nothing. The paper died, however, from lack of capital.

After numerous ups and downs, writing on any topics asked of him, Mr. Adcock—having turned his back on the law—published his first book, a collection of short stories, in 1894. His second book, "Beyond Atonement," appeared in 1896, followed in 1897 by another collection of short stories, "East End Idylls." Though hampered by ill-health he worked as hard as ever, and in 1898 two more novels were written, "The Consecration of Hetty Fleet" and "In the Image of God." In the spring of 1900 was published "In the Wake of the War," and in the autumn the same firm, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, brought out "The Luck of Private Foster"; and a little volume of "Songs of the War" also made its appearance. It is curious that the second poem that appeared in the *Spectator* had been previously rejected by thirteen publications.

Mr. Adcock does not underrate the hardships which meet a man who chooses to turn, without private means or influence, into the path of literature, but he still declares that if his time were before him to go over again he would again choose the road he has chosen in preference to any other road that a man can travel.

The Reader.

IN QUEEN VICTORIA'S LIBRARIES.

THE Royal libraries, as they stand to-day, show clearly that the taste of Her Majesty Queen Victoria in books was distinctly a three-sided taste, denoting the breadth of her interests and her sense of the obligations of empire. The volumes which she collected, treasured, and read were, firstly, those which were valuable to her as curios; secondly, those which by their sentiments or the lessons they taught pleased her womanly and humane heart; and, thirdly, those which bore on the questions of the day, and were of serious importance to her as a ruler.

It is by reason of the first of these tastes that the library at Windsor has become so rich in treasures during the past reign. It was the Queen's delight to recover or acquire every book which had been the actual property of an English Sovereign. Original bindings, designed and made for Royal readers, were more usual in Tudor or Stuart times than in our own, and the Queen was always eager that any such which had fallen into private hands should, if possible, be restored to Royal keeping, herself sanctioning considerable expenditure that some volume, bearing the Tudor arms or Stuart badge, might be placed among other relics in her own libraries. No great while before her death she added to this collection the book written by Henry VIII. defending the seven sacraments, the historic book which gained for him the title of *Defender of the Faith*. This volume was Henry VIII.'s own copy, in which his autograph is written twice. The price was high—£600—and the decision as to purchase hung for some little time in the balance; but—and we think no confidence is betrayed by the telling of the incident—one day one of the private apartments opened, and a small royal granddaughter hurried out to the librarian, delighted to tell the news, "Grandmamma says you may buy it! She *must* have it!"

As regards the second class of books which claimed Her Majesty's interest, one feels instinctively that her taste was formed in earlier, happier days, and that she did not greatly wander from it. Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Black, Mrs. Oliphant, George Eliot—these were her favourites; and though not, perhaps, a critical reader, she was an appreciative and an affectionate one.

In those first joyous visits to the Highlands we find many allusions to scenes which brought vividly to her mind lines from "The Lady of the Lake," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "Marmion"; and more than once we read such entries as:—"It poured the whole afternoon, and I read to Albert the three first cantos of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' which delighted us both."

Scott's "Peveril of the Peak," too, was the book which, towards the close of the Prince's fatal illness, after a day of listlessness and some delirium on the part of the patient, and bitter anxiety on the part of the watchers, the Queen read to him when he was calmer, he following the story with interest, and making occasional remarks as he listened.

Of Tennyson's poems the Queen was ever appreciative; cordial, too, she was in her thanks for them. And in Lord Houghton's Memoirs we find that she pleased Browning by telling him that she had much enjoyed some of his wife's poems.

Beautiful descriptive passages, noble sentiments, and fearless utterances for the righting of wrongs or the bettering of the oppressed—these are the things which appealed to Queen Victoria. Her interest in Dickens's work is well known. This author's popularity was as old as Her Majesty's reign, but Dickens did not actually meet his Queen till the year of his death. It was a long and gracious interview when it did take place; and at the close the Queen took from the table her own Journal of her Highland life, with an autograph inscription, "To Charles Dickens," and gave it to him with her own hands, saying that the humblest of writers would be ashamed to offer it to one of the greatest, but that Mr. Helps had said it would be valued most if given by herself.

It is, however, in the third class of books mentioned at the beginning of this article that perhaps the Queen's hardest reading has been done. These are the books by which she has mastered the details of the great events which were taking place in her Empire, the books which could teach her the salient points concerning the countries which were important to her. As far back as the days following close on the Crimean war, a great soldier said to a friend, that not even among his fellow-soldiers or the responsible statesmen had he found a more thorough knowledge of the Crimean country, the war, its cause, and effect than in his conversation with Her Majesty. It is said that the same tireless attention to her country's weal was shown by the Queen in the present South African War, when book after book on the subject was read to her, until every point dealing with the past and the present was familiar to her. It is with such books as these—books bearing upon the constitution and government of her Empire—that the greater part of the Queen's reading time was spent.

Apart from books, the Queen's libraries possess yet another interest. The Empress Frederick had always urged the widening of the word "library," that it might include all literary and artistic treasures; and latterly the Queen had placed in the great northern galleries many medals, seals, coins, and other relics. But beyond all her pride in these or in her books has been her pride in her rare collection of miniatures—a pictured history of the English sovereigns, in unbroken line since Henry VIII., excepting that of the Tudor Queen Mary, of whom it seems to be impossible to obtain any miniature representation.

In her early married life the Queen, with the Prince Consort, used to visit the miniature room almost every Sunday evening, and all specimens were arranged by her own hands.

In her own private room was a most valuable and little-known set of enamels, replicas of the finest work of such painters as Cosway, Isaac, and Peter Oliver, and many others, carefully guarded from sun and dust; and in these, more than in her books, was the Queen's truest pleasure found.

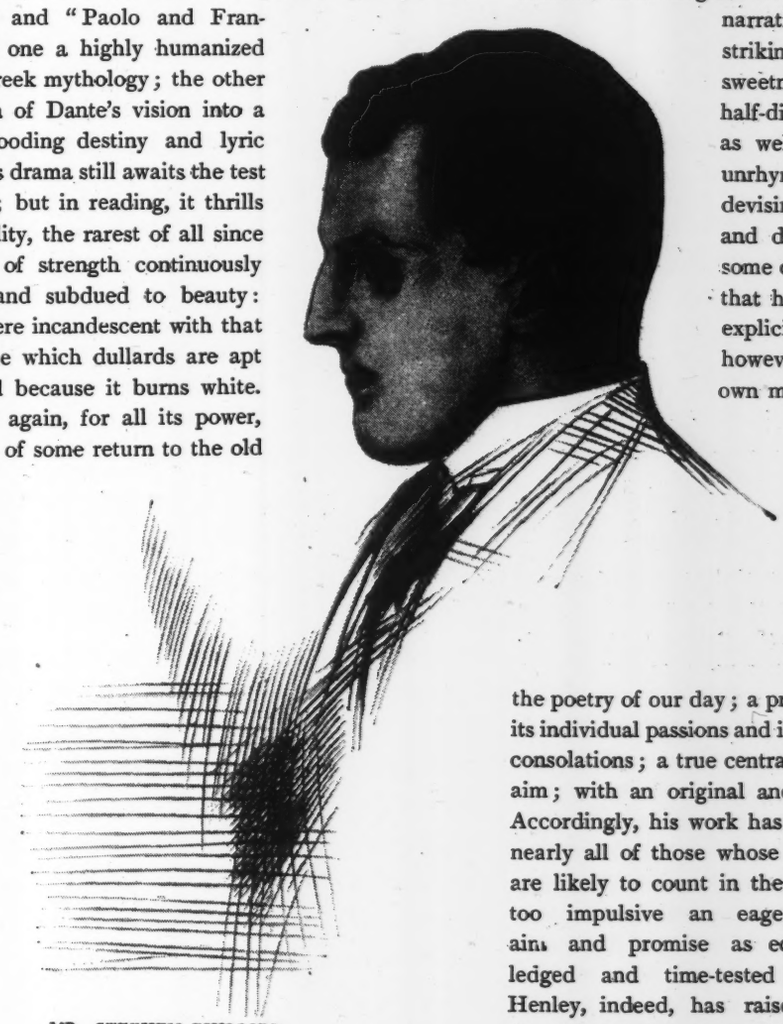
MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

IN the last three years of the century just expired, Mr. Stephen Phillips has taken his place firmly as one of those English poets from whom the most is to be hoped for in the century now opening. His work has done what so much estimable and accomplished poetry fails to do; it has bitten, has gone home, making itself felt by a public far wider than contemporary verse is generally able to touch. Living for the most part out of London, Mr. Phillips has escaped the influence, whether for good or evil, of literary cliques and coteries, and has felt his way to the expression of what was in him with little help except from the great masters of the past. Of these Chaucer, Dante, Shakespeare, and the other Elizabethans (with reservations as to their standards of dramatic form and structure), and Milton above all, are understood to be his favourite study. Intense communion with masters of this calibre, coupled with something of boyish audacity in his own temperament, have led him from the first to attempt the highest and the hardest things in poetry, and to attempt them in the most direct and simple manner. Undeterred by the timidities of over-culture, and carried away by none of those eddies of momentary fashion in letters which those who float in them are apt to mistake for the main stream, he has chosen to put it frankly to the proof whether he has or has not within himself some seeds of a sacred fire akin to that which glowed in the classic masters whom he loves. The result has taken shape in one volume of miscellaneous poems and two of drama, including one of acted drama, which have strongly fastened themselves upon the attention of all readers of English poetry, and have exercised and divided criticism in a manner which is of itself a testimony to power.

It is doubtless fortunate for Mr. Phillips, and helps towards his salutary detachment from any group or individual among his contemporaries, that his history and training—to speak of them so far as they are public property—have been of a special kind and such as to make for independence. The son of a clergyman, who is a resident Canon of Peterborough, he is understood to have inherited poetic and dramatic tastes to a certain degree from both parents, but especially from a gifted and enthusiastic mother, who was connected by descent with the Lloyds, the friends of Lamb and Wordsworth, and with Wordsworth himself. But a healthy devotion to cricket and suchlike sports prevented poetry, or literature in any shape, from much absorbing him in early youth; and it was only in his second term at Cambridge that a visit of the travelling company of his kinsman, Mr. Frank Benson, infected him with the passion of the stage. He threw up his Cambridge career to join Mr. Benson's company, with which he travelled for the next four or five years, acquiring a close verbal familiarity with the Shakespearian text, as well as an insight into practical stage-craft, but making his mark less by capacity as an actor than by his very remarkable gifts of voice and diction. For the next five years, having left the stage, he worked hard as a teacher of literature and history at a military crammer's near London. This occupation again gave him small leisure for study or composition. But the craving to express himself in poetry grew on him, and towards the end of his engagement he was able to write and publish the mystical poem (not since reprinted) of "Eremus," and afterwards the "Christ in Hades," which appeared in one of the little paper-covered volumes of the series edited for Mr. Elkin Mathews by Mr. Phillips' poet-cousin, Mr. Laurence Binyon. Despite its modest form, this piece made so strong a mark that the author was encouraged to give up other pursuits and devote himself to literature, which has been his sole occupation since. In the winter of 1897-8 came the miscellaneous volume of "Poems," which included "Marpessa," "The Wife," and other experimental pieces inspired by the aspects and dramas of the London streets, together with the reprinted "Christ in Hades." The collection was greeted with an unaccustomed unanimity of praise, in which not critics only, but brother poets, were forward to join. Then followed from the outside an impulse to dramatic poetry, a form which Mr. Phillips had not before seriously tried, in the shape of a commission from Mr. Alexander for a play. The result was "Paolo and Francesca," which was finished in the autumn of 1898 and printed in that of 1899, but is still unacted. Mr. Phillips' choice of a theme already immortalised by Dante had raised doubts in his wisest admirers, but the combination of impassioned beauty and tactful instinct with which he treated it in the result greatly increased their enthusiasm; an enthusiasm which at last provoked in some quarters a certain measure of boisterous or sarcastic dissent. Lastly, the tragedy of "Herod," impressively put on the stage through the enterprise of Mr. Tree, and printed within a few weeks after its first performance, has held the boards for nearly a hundred nights of the present winter, and has both made a stronger impression on the general public and divided criticism more sharply than any previous work of its author.

All this constitutes no slight achievement for a man just thirty-four, who did not begin seriously to practise his art till he was twenty-nine, having been silent during the years when most poets are pouring out the first, which are also often the best, fruits of their inspiration. It is probably from these conditions that there springs one of the most noticeable qualities of Mr. Phillips' work, its unusual combination of maturity and immaturity. Surprising poetic power and completeness alternate in it with unmistakable touches of the slipshod, the crude, and the commonplace. Of native poetic ardour, of imaginative emotion and imaginative vision, Mr. Phillips shows more than almost any writer of his time; of self-critical vigilance and calculating craftsmanship in style he shows much less than some. Where his work is good, it is generally great; the words have been intensely fused with the inward fire and splendidly coloured with the inward vision, and the result is poetry through and through. Where it is not so good, where the fire has burnt low or the vision failed, it is apt to be scarce poetry at all, even in that external and artificial sense in which almost any cultivated man can teach himself, by effort and imitation of masters, to make poetry. Whether in his inspired or his stammering moments, Mr. Phillips is always perfectly sincere and limpid, letting you feel and grasp his work unmistakably for what it is. The contrast of the two writers in him is

perhaps most perceptible in the London poems of the first volume. In these, which deal with an excessively difficult and stubborn material, the process of imaginative fusion seems only complete for a few moments at a time, and passages of a new and very seizing kind of poetry alternate with passages where the experiment has plainly failed, and the material remains unsmelted and unsubdued. At the opposite scale of his work in point of execution, the most even in finish and sustained in poetic quality, are "Marpessa" and "Paolo and Francesca": the one a highly humanized idyll from Greek mythology; the other an expansion of Dante's vision into a drama of brooding destiny and lyric passion. This drama still awaits the test of the stage; but in reading, it thrills with the quality, the rarest of all since the Greeks, of strength continuously allied with and subdued to beauty: it is everywhere incandescent with that spiritual flame which dullards are apt to think cold because it burns white. In "Herod," again, for all its power, we are aware of some return to the old inequality. In the first two acts the writer seems to have been more concerned with construction than creation: the mechanical part is excellent, in the spiritual part there seems to be some missing of opportunities, some avoidance of depths waiting to be sounded: it is the third act, and that only, which comes home with the impact of a thoroughly complete and impressive achievement.



MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.
From a drawing by Will Rothensteim reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Phillips.

In the work of the poets of an earlier generation, as of Wordsworth or Byron, it is true that we are ready to accept and to condone, for the sake of their best, much worse faults, and a much larger proportion of them, than we find in work like that of Mr. Phillips. But the intervening age and its influences have made for a heightened fastidiousness on all points of poetic execution; the influence of Tennyson above all; that in another sense and from another side of Mr. Swinburne; that of lesser writers who have caught from France the spirit and example of nice craftsmanship. Such fastidiousness is very desirable, on the whole, in a nation given over like ours to amateurishness in the arts as in other matters. Yet it may have its dangers in making us care more for the flower of verse than for its root; for the draping and jewelling of a poetic creation than for its body or the soul informing its body. What makes the interest of Mr. Phillips' work is not the charm of the poetic form chiefly. This at its best is very great; he has shown himself a true and original master of the noblest, most difficult, most English of forms, that is blank verse, both narrative and dramatic; has given us striking examples both of melodious sweetness and rhetorical force in the half-disused form of the heroic couplet; as well as interesting experiments in unrhymed lyric measures of his own devising. As to his felicities of phrase and diction, they have so impressed some critics as to cause them to declare that he has nothing else. (The most explicit statement to this effect came, however, from a writer who gave his own measure when in the same breath he improved upon Aristotle by gravely defining tragedy as a "*massage* of the soul.") What Mr. Phillips possesses, it seems to us, besides and beneath all felicities of form and diction, is a breadth and sweep of imagination, a largeness as well as an intensity of vision, new in the poetry of our day; a preoccupation with humanity, both its individual passions and its collective spiritual hungers and consolations; a true centrality, that is, of poetic theme and aim; with an original and controlling sense of beauty. Accordingly, his work has been praised and welcomed by nearly all of those whose voices count in the present or are likely to count in the future; perhaps by some with too impulsive an eagerness to treat greatness of aim and promise as equal to greatness of acknowledged and time-tested achievement. Mr. W. E. Henley, indeed, has raised a shout of dissent; but then Mr. Henley, for all his talent, has the misfortune ever to mistake, and do his best to make others mistake, violence for strength. And Mr. Andrew Lang has guyed "Paolo and Francesca" as a play for the stage, but in a manner visibly embarrassed between his love of guying and his love of good literature; and has hedged, as he would himself add, by declaring the poetry first-rate, and that he knows nothing about the stage. Also the witty Mr. Bernard Shaw has said that Mr. Phillips has as yet given us nothing but Maida Vale sentiment and Bedford Park imagery in good metres. But inasmuch as Mr. Shaw cannot refrain from putting out his tongue even at himself, of whom he thinks so much, how can he be expected to refrain from putting it out at other people? And unless we are much mistaken, Mr. Phillips is a personage of far too much virility and humour to be either over-elated by praise or over-annoyed by depreciation. Let him go on his own way as he has begun, only never contenting himself to give us less than his best, and he will have us all for his admirers and applauders before long.

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THE house of John Murray holds a noteworthy position, not only in England, but perhaps in the whole world, in that it is one of the very few publishing houses which have existed for nearly one and a half centuries without having changed their title. For a short time, during the minority of the second Mr. Murray, the firm was known as Murray and Highley, but this scarcely counts. There are in London and elsewhere many older business houses, but very few of these are carried on under the original names, or, if the original titles are retained, they cover other names. At Christies, for instance, which started at about the same time as Murrays, there is now no Christie in the firm, although the last partner of that name is still living, but he retired from the firm some years ago. The original John Murray, like the original James Christie, was a Scotchman, and, like him again, had been in the navy, as witness the picture of a ship with which John Murray I. headed his trade bills. At the time (1768) when he decided to embark in the trade of books the popular antipathy in London to Scotchmen—thanks largely to Bute and Wilkes—was very marked, and it was probably owing to this that John McMurray toned down his aggressively Caledonian patronym by the omission of the Mc. When he took over the business of William Sandby at 32, Fleet Street, it was as a bookseller and stationer rather than as a publisher that he hoped to succeed in a trade in which, as he says in a letter (dated October 16th, 1768) to Falconer, "many blockheads" are "making fortunes." New editions of Lord Lyttelton's "Dialogues of the Dead," and of his "History of King Henry the Second," in the stately quarto form at that time so fashionable, were apparently Mr. Murray's first two publishing ventures. He must have made a good deal of money within twelve months, for, when the *Morning Chronicle* was started in October, 1769, its twenty original proprietors included John Murray among several other booksellers. This important fact is not mentioned by Dr. Smiles in his "Memoir" of the house; whilst the references to John Murray I. in Kerr's "Life of Smellie" appear equally to be unknown to Dr. Smiles. The founder of the firm (born in 1745) died in 1798, leaving a widow, two daughters, and a son.

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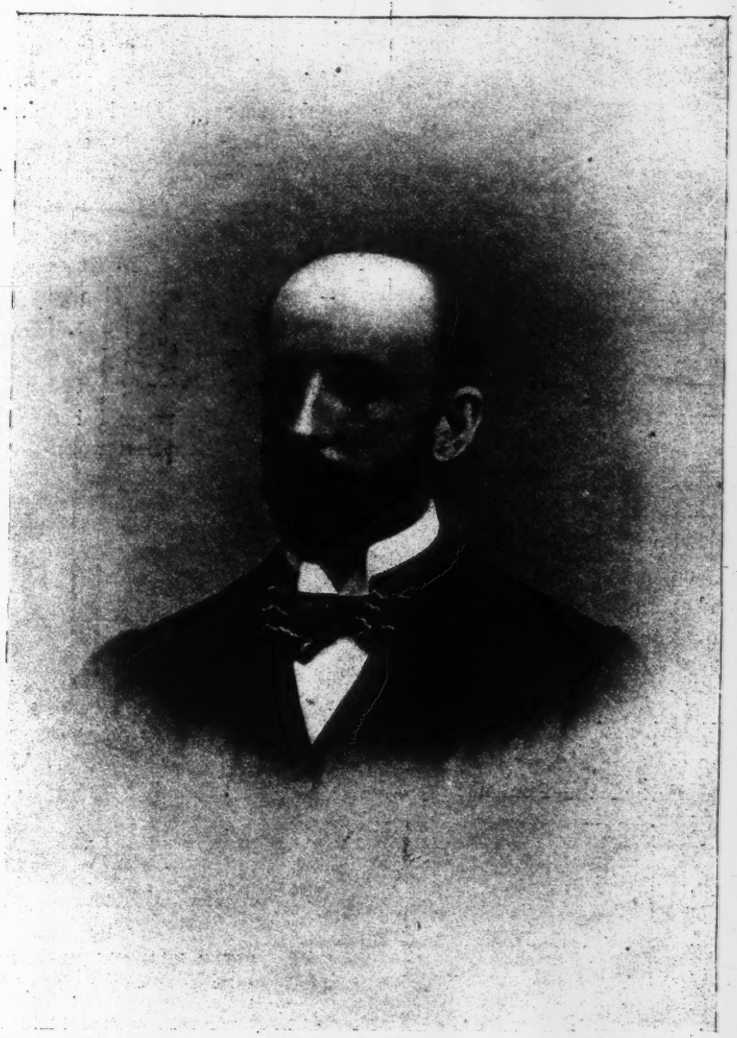

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For about half a century new novels and new poetry were practically tabooed; to-day, first-rate work in either department will receive, at all events, a hearing. For many generations the English reading public has been accustomed to take for granted that any book with the imprint of John Murray is a good book in its particular department, and it is not at all likely that this implicit confidence will be unjustifiable in the future. The new developments of the firm will be watched with much interest. So far, they have proved highly satisfactory, and several of the books recently published have obtained very large sales. Mr. G. H. Russell's "Under the Sjambok," for instance, came out at the psychological moment, *i.e.*, just before the outbreak of the Boer war, and was an immediate success. A singularly pathetic incident may be mentioned in connection with this novel. Mr. Russell lived for many years in the Transvaal, where he caught the fever which deprived him of his eyesight. He returned to England, taught himself typewriting, typed the whole of the book, and took the "copy" to Mr. Murray, who at once saw its merits and published it. "The Compleat Bachelor" of Mr. Oliver Onions is in its third edition: and Edith Wharton's "A Gift from the Grave" has also done well, and the demand for it is still great. Both these novels are published at half a crown, and are, therefore, within the reach of readers whose pockets are not always too well-lined with banknotes. "An Englishwoman's Love Letters" was another immediate success; it has kept both printers and bookbinders hard at work for many weeks past, and even at the time of writing this (mid-January) the supply is scarcely equal to the demand. Mr. Arthur H. Norway's "Parson Peter," Mrs. Walter Forbes' "A Gentleman," Miss Lillias Hamilton's "A Vizier's Daughter"—perhaps the first novel written by a qualified medical woman (Miss Hamilton having been for some years medical adviser to Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan)—and Ronald Macdonald's "The Sword of the King," have all been distinct successes. The *Monthly Review*, which first appeared in October last, has received a warm welcome from both the press and the public, and has at once taken high rank among the first-class monthly reviews.

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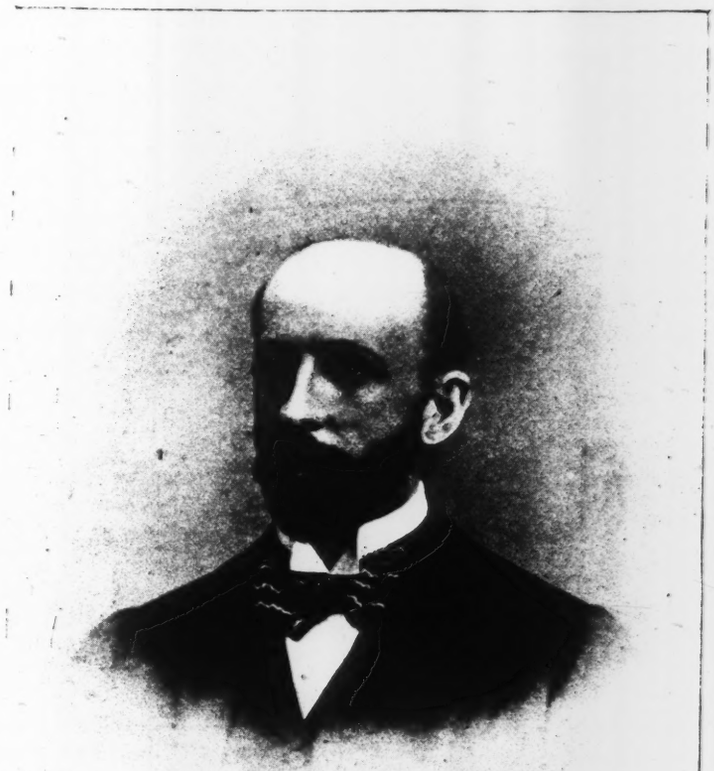
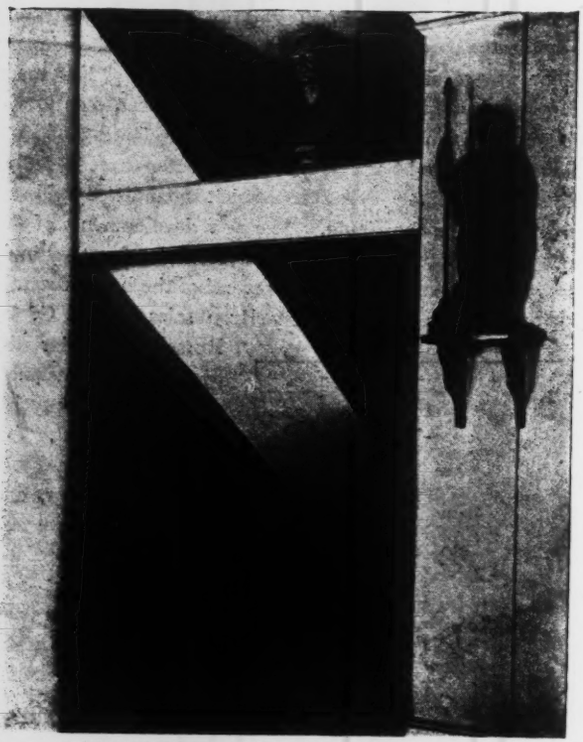


From a Photo by] MR. HALLAM MURRAY. [*Maull & Fox.*

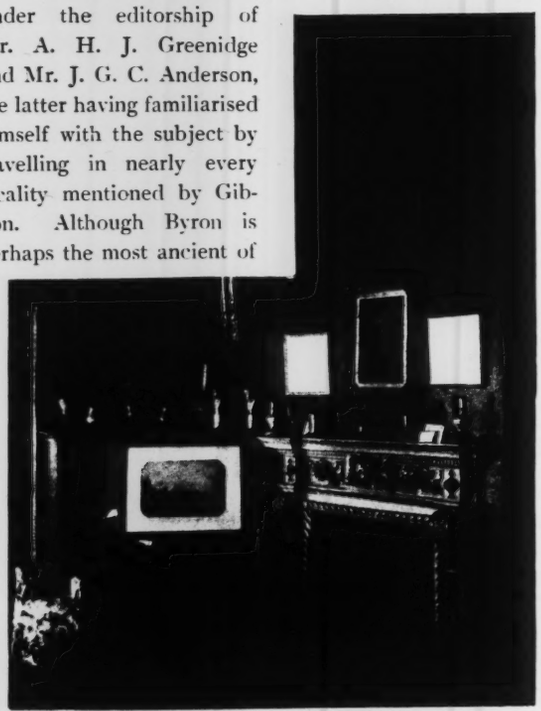
Under the direction of the present head of the firm, John Murray IV., who was born in London in 1851, and who was educated at Eton and Magdalen College, Oxford, the firm is little likely to show signs of decay. No one realises more than Mr. Murray the danger of relying on the past. Like all other callings, publishing books, to be successful, must be progressive. Honourable tradition is good, but enterprise is, if anything, a better quality where success is desirable. Without making any radical change in the high-class character of his business, Mr. John Murray has almost completely, if silently, revolutionised it. Formerly Murray's books were only to be had through the wholesale houses, and such an institution as a traveller was totally out of keeping with the traditions of Albemarle Street. To-day the firm's travellers "cover" the whole of Great Britain, with the result that the output of books has increased enormously. Formerly a staff of seven or eight clerks and porters sufficed to do the work at Albemarle Street, but the altered conditions have involved a great increase in this department.

For about half a century new novels and new poetry were practically tabooed; to-day, first-rate work in either department will receive, at all events, a hearing. For many generations the English reading public has been accustomed to take for granted that any book with the imprint of John Murray is a good book in its particular department, and it is not at all likely that this implicit confidence will be unjustifiable in the future. The new developments of the firm will be watched with much interest. So far, they have proved highly satisfactory, and several of the books recently published have obtained very large sales. Mr. G. H. Russell's "Under the Sjambok," for instance, came out at the psychological moment, *i.e.*, just before the outbreak of the Boer war, and was an immediate success. A singularly pathetic incident may be mentioned in connection with this novel. Mr. Russell lived for many years in the Transvaal, where he caught the fever which deprived him of his eyesight. He returned to England, taught himself typewriting, typed the whole of the book, and took the "copy" to Mr. Murray, who at once saw its merits and published it. "The Compleat Bachelor" of Mr. Oliver Onions is in its third edition; and Edith Wharton's "A Gift from the Grave" has also done well, and the demand for it is still great. Both these novels are published at half a crown, and are, therefore, within the reach of readers whose pockets are not always too well-lined with banknotes. "An Englishwoman's Love Letters" was another immediate success; it has kept both printers and bookbinders hard at work for many weeks past, and even at the time of writing this (mid-January) the supply is scarcely equal to the demand. Mr. Arthur H. Norway's "Parson Peter," Mrs. Walter Forbes' "A Gentleman," Miss Lillias Hamilton's "A Vizier's Daughter"—perhaps the first novel written by a qualified medical woman (Miss Hamilton having been for some years medical adviser to Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan)—and Ronald Macdonald's "The Sword of the King," have all been distinct successes. The *Monthly Review*, which first appeared in October last, has received a warm welcome from both the press and the public, and has at once taken high rank among the first-class monthly reviews.



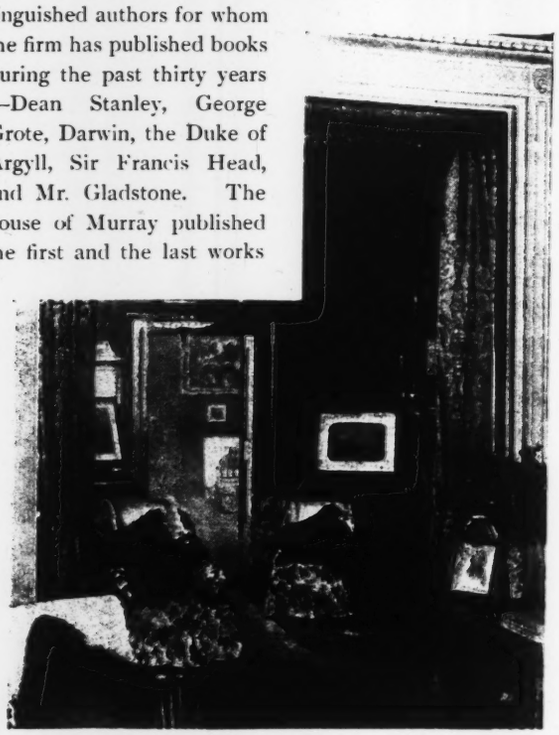
OFFICE STAIRS, ALBEMARLE STREET, SHOWING LIVINGSTONE'S BUST.
Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN *by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.*

In other departments also there have been many successes, notably Bishop Boyd Carpenter's "Popular History of the Church of England," a book which, written for the people, has had, and continues to enjoy, a very wide circulation. Captain Frank Younghusband's "Heart of a Continent," being travels in Manchuria, Turkestan, and the Pamirs, another recent book, is now in its third edition, in spite of its somewhat high price of a guinea. Special mention must be made also of the new and revised edition of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," under the editorship of Mr. A. H. J. Greenidge and Mr. J. G. C. Anderson, the latter having familiarised himself with the subject by travelling in nearly every locality mentioned by Gibbon. Although Byron is perhaps the most ancient of Mr. Murray's authors, whose works still sell to a very appreciable extent, one of the books still in his list dates from more than three-quarters of a century ago, viz., "Little Arthur's History of England," by Mrs. Graham, afterwards Lady Callcott; this first appeared in 1824, and, constantly revised to bring it up to date, has been sold by the hundred thousand. Although of more recent publication, Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England," 1845-47, in ten volumes, is another of Mr. Murray's numerous stock books; it achieved at once a remarkable success, and remains the standard book on the subject. The first volume, by the way, was published at Mr. Murray's own expense, but Lord Campbell, who was an excellent hand at driving a bargain, and the success of his book being assured, made other terms for the remaining volumes.



INNER DRAWING-ROOM, ALBEMARLE STREET.
Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN *by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.*

Mr. John Murray himself has known many of the distinguished authors for whom the firm has published books during the past thirty years—Dean Stanley, George Grote, Darwin, the Duke of Argyll, Sir Francis Head, and Mr. Gladstone. The house of Murray published the first and the last works



INNER DRAWING-ROOM, 50, ALBEMARLE STREET.
Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN *by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.*

of Mr. Gladstone, the celebrated essay on "Church and State," 1839, reviewed by Macaulay in the *Edinburgh*—a work which, curiously enough, the author would never have reprinted—and the eighth volume of "Gleanings from Past Years"—concerning which latter a lawsuit was pending at the time of Mr. Gladstone's death, but which was eventually settled out of court. The original autograph MSS. of both these works are now in the publisher's private library. Mr. Murray has acted as editor of many of the books which he has published, notably the six autobiographies of Gibbon, "The Life of Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan," and (in the absence of the author from England) of Captain Younghusband's "Heart of a Continent," already mentioned. He is a J.P., a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and of several other learned societies. He is an active member of the Publishers' Association, was President of the London Congress, and was the official delegate to the Paris Congress, of which latter he has a very charming souvenir in the form of a tea-

set of Sèvres china, presented to him by the French Government. The Copyright Bill was drafted at his private house, which adjoins his business premises. Quite a long article might be written on Mr. Murray's library, which is a small one as regards size, but in which nearly every article is a gem of the first water. The Byron manuscripts and first editions are especially numerous, and include not only the original autograph of "The Waltz," but several proof sheets, and the MS. of "Childe Harold"; the entire MS. of Scott's "Abbot" (except two pages); Robert Burns's commonplace book; the MS. of Washington Irving's "Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey"; the *Quarterly Review* article by Southey on Nelson, with the extensive elaborations which form the book as we now know it. There are scores of other rarities, to which reference might be made if space permitted.

As to No. 50, Albemarle Street and its historical associations, much might be written. It was here that Byron and Scott first met in the spring of 1815. The place, both outside and in, is practically as it was over eighty years ago, except, of course, the furniture. The handsome drawing-room, adorned with portraits of the Murrays and their friends, in which Scott's fears of disliking his great rival Byron were so rapidly dispelled, and in which have at one time or another foregathered all the great names which have rendered the *Quarterly* and its publisher so justly celebrated, still contains the fireplace in which the Byron memoirs were burnt to ashes. Leading out of the drawing-room is what was once the dining-room, where Tom Moore would sing his own ballads with so much effect; indeed nearly every corner of the house, which for many years served the double purpose of shop and residence, has its historic or literary interest.

DRAWING-ROOM, 50, ALBEMARLE STREET, SHOWING LORD BYRON'S FOLDING SCREEN.
Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN *by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.*

A LITERARY ENIGMA.

"Of love that never found his earthly close,
What sequel? Streaming eyes and breaking hearts?
Or all the same as if he had not been?"

THE most talked-of book of the year, the last literary "sensation" of the old century, is, certainly, the volume entitled "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters." The book is, no doubt, interesting in itself, though how far its interest has been increased by its unsolved problem, its mystery, and, above all, its anonymity, it would be difficult to say. Since Clarissa, has any heroine ever evoked more sympathy from the public than the luckless and nameless lady of this romance? In Clarissa's time, however, the victim's story was slowly developed, not told brutally all at once; and her sympathisers were at least allowed the poor comfort of writing to the author, to suggest happy endings, or at least to entreat the averting of the final tragedy. In the case of the unfortunate "Englishwoman" of these letters, pale, plaintive ghost, whose crime it was "to love too well," no such course is possible. To her "ever-injured shade," whether literary or human, no rites may now atone. The anonymous author does not propose to "stand in the park every day for three or four hours," "a rose in his, or her, bosom," the cynosure of his unknown admirers and readers. They cannot say, in the manner of Mr. Richardson's female coterie, "Dear Sir," or, "Madam, prevent it; it is too cruel a story for publication; alter your scheme; save the divine lady."

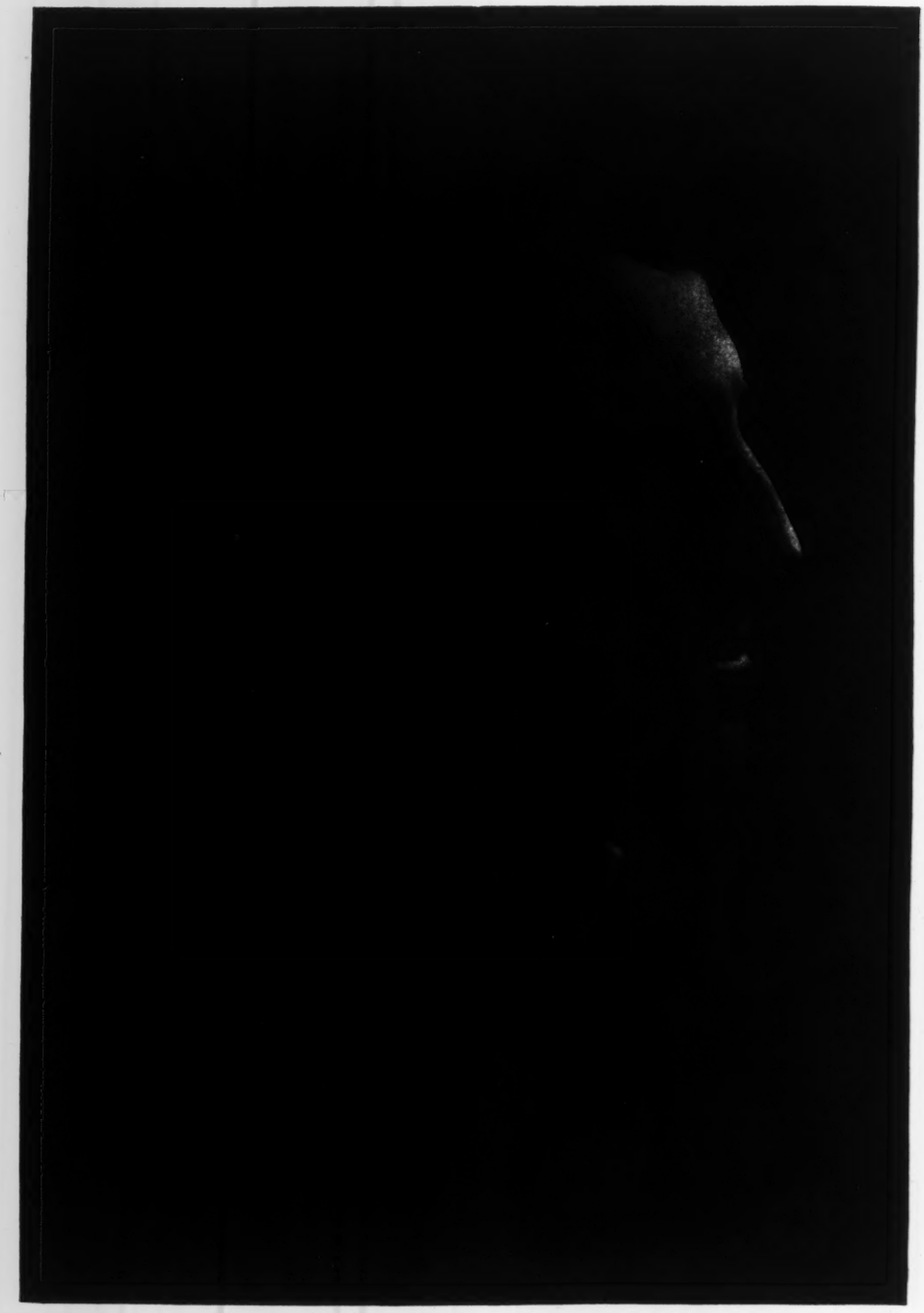
The tragedy of the book is suggested from the very beginning; the long-awaited blow falls with all the grim relentlessness of the old Greek dramas; with, moreover, an underlying flavour of what Matthew Arnold calls "Theban horrors" in the background. A strange fact with regard to the book is, that so many of its readers should have taken it for gospel truth, for pure historic record. This is, of course, satisfactory enough evidence of its being, in some ways, a life-like "human document"; but, equally, of course, it is still greater evidence of the simplicity of the larger quota of the public. That we should still believe things, merely because we are told them, is clear proof that we have not yet travelled, in our adult wanderings, so far

from "the east" or from "the vision splendid" as we sometimes like to imagine. We are but "children of a larger growth," and to tell a story well is, as a rule, to be believed. So much the better for the teller and for his art! Was it not so in De Rougemont's day? This special story, no doubt, might be true; stranger things have happened; but it bears, in places, unmistakable evidence of artificiality. It betrays itself, moreover, at times. Thus, the careful little facts just suggested here and there, the girl's faint allusions to her parentage and former life, are all put in with a laboured casualness that tells its own story. Further; why, when the otherwise disconnected story needs "rounding out," is only then such a patent device resorted to as the quotation of lengthy portions of the young man's letters? In real life the most important connecting facts would more probably be omitted, rather than carefully added, in their right place, to cement the whole. The result might be a hieroglyphic indeed, but without the addition of an explanatory key.

THE DRAWING-ROOM, ALBEMARLE STREET, SHOWING PORTRAITS OF SIR W. SCOTT AND LOCKHART.
Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN *by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.*

Another, and a still stronger, proof of fiction is in the "preciosity" of the language used. To the fervour of the love expressed, a less unnatural component, we will come later. But would a girl of twenty-two, a mere infant in point of age, in all the ardour of her first love, use what we can only describe as "Maurice Hewlettisms" to express it? Would she not study rather the simplification of language? Young people feel crudely; their suffering is, as a rule, dumb; they do not put their sentiments under the microscope. Everyone is agreed that a stage "Juliet," to be thoroughly satisfactory, should have the personality of sixteen with the experience of sixty. In real life this is difficult; in fiction, where no bodily presence is needed, it becomes an easier matter. The girl of the letters is a Juliet in feeling and passion; she is a Mrs. Browning in her sensitiveness and her introspection; a Marie Bashkirtseff in her frankness and her fervour; and a Delphis Sibyl, worn with the weary world-struggle, in her soul's experience. Mrs. Browning, when she wrote her classic love-letters, was a woman of middle age; she was also a poet, a neurotic, who from her earliest youth had "lisped in numbers"; the "Englishwoman" was a girl fresh to the world; yet the two have distinct affinities. Has not the publication of the one materially affected the nature of the other? Here are evident echoes of the E. B. B. letters; of their humility, their adoration: "Your brain," says the girl worshipper to her idol, in one of her flights of fancy, "is a beautiful round, like a pearl, and mine all facets and flashes, like cut glass." "I open my hands and let you have these" (her old love-letters), "and with them goes my last blush." "I am just my very self, loving and—no! just loving; I have no room for anything more!"

Is the writer of the book a man or a woman? Most women incline to the former view. The style is strong, virile, emphatic; it is the epistolary Mrs. Browning with a touch of robustness; the poetic Mrs. Alice Meynell, with a dash of amatory fervour. The affectations are many; the Hewlettisms, as we said, are, also, numerous. "Little Novels of Italy," "Earth-Work out of Tuscany," recur continually to the mind while reading the Italian part. That paragraph, for instance, about "the sound of many waters walloping under the bellies of the gondolas," that appears to have so fluttered the propriety of the feminine dove-cotes, what is it but pure Hewlettian? Many other passages might be quoted; we will only sample a few: "The chortling child-Christ in the National Gallery"; the Botticellian "Madonna and Child bending over like a wind-blown tree to be kissed by St. John"; the grandmother "wearing old age like a flower"; the child in the picture "crushing himself up against the Madonna's neck"; the Strozzi Palace producing the effect on the beholder as of "an iron hand which gives you a buffet in the face." But, again, how pretty are some of the conceits! "Beauty-sleep" is "the new day



STEPHEN PHILLIPS

From a photograph by Messrs. Russell & Sons.
Block engraved by The Exemplar Engraving Coy., 268 Brixton Hill, S.W.
Printed by The Cranford Press, Chiswick, W.

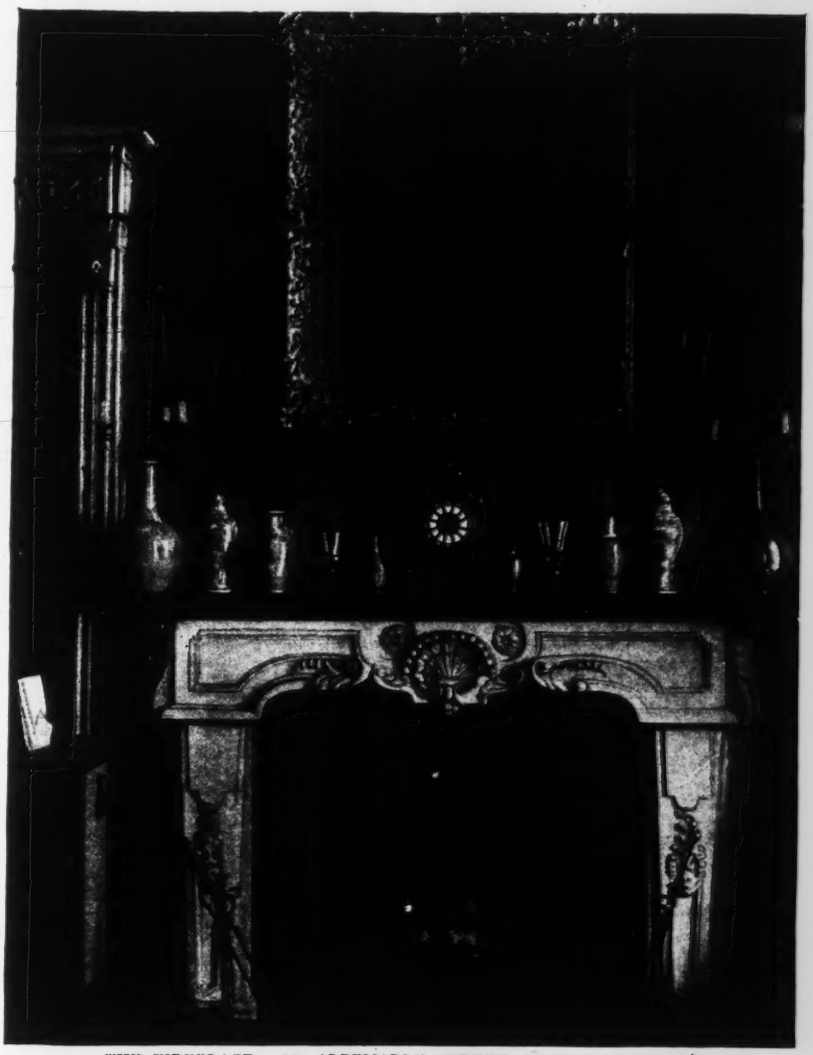
putting out its green wings." The Campanile of Venice, seen across the Paduan flats, are "like the thin flames of souls mounting up to God." A lilac gives out "a drench of fragrance that had grown double after rain."

Several things, indeed, point to the conception being a man's. To begin with, the letters are often, in their exaggerated flattery, more those that a man would write to a woman, a "lover to his mistress's eyebrow," than a woman to a man. Then, this "Englishwoman" is just the sort of ideal woman that a male mind would imagine he could love, yet would hate cordially if he met her. There are, certainly, one or two feminine "bits"; but these a man could not improbably evolve out of his own inner consciousness. The few lines devoted to dress, again, are distinctly masculine; Meredithian, perhaps, but still masculine, after the manner of the attire of the "dainty rogue in porcelain." "Commas and colons of ribbons, and insertions everywhere"—surely a man's idea of dress, and one that commits him to nothing. Then, a real woman would *never* suggest that she could be "ravished" if her adored one should tell her that his coat was "all his own making!" This, no doubt, is a man's thought, translated into a woman's, and ill adapted for such translation.

The problem suggested, that of intimate relationship between the two lovers, is an unpleasant but undoubtedly also a powerful one, making for strong situations. All the book leads up to this; unobtrusively, yet surely, the mother's rooted antagonism, the reiterated allusion to the likeness between the protagonists, etc., etc., are brought forward. The weak part of the story is as undoubtedly the young man's cruel and unreasonable silence, and the girl's improbable density in not guessing the situation. In the long months of introspection and reflection that elapsed before her death, surely the true reason might have occurred to her. A young woman to whom Meredith and Dunbar spoke with the tongues of men and of angels, to whom Chopin was wildly pagan, and to whom even Ruskin could be occasionally prosy, would, surely, have been quick-witted enough to discover the real fact. But, like the hero of Tennyson's "Maud," she merely sinks sadly into silence and decay, her "heart a handful of dust," and the wheels going over her head; still living, still misunderstanding, still suffering. Like the story of "Maud," too, is hers, with its three movements; its "adagio," its "allegro," its "smorzando." A man of strong feeling would have confessed all to her, whatever the obstacles. In her pitiful little after-confession, there is a great touch of nature in the fact that poetry, however beautiful, fails at all to comfort her:

"I am possessed" (she says) "by all the despairing words about lost happiness that the poets have written. They go through me like ghosts: I am haunted by them: but they are bloodless things. It seems when I listen to all the other desolate voices that have ever cried, that I alone have blood in me. Nobody ever loved as I love since the world began."

Poor, plaintive Ophelia, with her incomprehensible Hamlet! The writer of this book, his affectations notwithstanding, is a powerful student of human nature. It is only curious that he or she—let us say he—should seek to combine in one being the very opposite factors of strong passion and of "preciosity." History repeats itself; and euphuism is an overpowering wave just now with us, tending to swamp and obscure our brightest minds. Were this book written in verse, such euphuism, in its case, had been perhaps less noticeable. To the flippant mind, it may well seem as though a young woman who spoke and wrote so might possibly prove more than a little trying to live with! and that "the Lords of Life and of Death" have sometimes even a merciful purpose in cutting short young lives of promise! The young man, we gather, is not of an intellect equal to hers; he could never, presumably, have "lived up" to her. In his boyhood he was, as she reflects proudly, "a gallous young hound"; grown-up, he is merely "a common or garden Englishman." Yet she loves him. "There is one thing," she says, modestly, "in which I can beat you, and



THE FIREPLACE, 50, ALBEMARLE STREET, IN WHICH BYRON'S MEMOIRS WERE BURNED.

Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN *by kind permission of Mr. John Murray*

that is in the bandying of words and all verbal conjunctions." Her metaphors "make him giddy," and no wonder! When a sprained ankle has prevented his writing to her, she offers to come and read Meredith to him; but he apparently kicks

DRAWING-ROOM, 50, ALBEMARLE STREET.
Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN *by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.*

against the pricks! "I am in a simple mood to-day," she tells him in one of her letters. The information must have relieved him!

But what strikes the reader more than aught else in the letters is their complete and utter *abandon*. It is here that the simple force of the book overpowers the occasional sense of artificiality caused by its diction. In their fervour, and especially in their complete unreserve, these love-letters are far more southern than English. Certainly, *il y a du tempérament*. Sometimes they almost grate against our northern taste; would a young girl in this country write so freely, even to the man she adored? Love, surely, retains, even before the loved one, some fragments of reserve! and more especially is this the case in early youth. This is the intense, the uncontrolled passion of Tennyson's "Fatima"; her whole soul goes out from her, to be absorbed, "as the sunlight drinketh dew." It is not good that the woman should love the man so much; from Sappho downwards, the plan has been an unsuccessful one. If one of the two only must adore, better is it that it should be the young woman *qui se laisse adorer*. If her heart "goes out to the sea-gulf's hollow," and his, on the contrary, is "light as the leaf of a tree," she will, assuredly, be the sufferer in the long run. The love of the Girl of the Letters is so introspective and so stormy that we yearn, by contrast, for the simple animalism of Rossetti's lovers, with their almond-shaped, ruminating eyes, and their amiable, superior calm.

Did the young man's love for the girl cease when the terrible secret was divulged to him? It is almost implied that it did; he sends her only, on her death-bed, his "affectionately grateful remembrances." Poor fare for a death-bed! Yet love, surely, could hardly die so easily.

The book is one of infinite passion and pain; it enchains the imagination and the sympathies so thoroughly that we forget, as the letters themselves do, time, place, and probability; and see only the struggling, suffering soul of the writer craving for the eternal presence of the loved one:

"Oh, beloved" (she writes), "take me in your arms, fasten me to your heart, breathe on me. Deny me either breath or the light of day: I am yours equally, to live or die at your word. I shut my eyes to feel your kisses falling on me like rain, or still more like sunshine—yet most of all like kisses, my own dearest and best beloved! . . . Ah, but you kiss me more, I think, when we say good-bye than when meeting, so you will kiss me most of all when I have to die: a thing in death to look forward to! And, till then—life, life, till I am out of my depth in happiness and drown in your arms!"

Is not this the very echo of Fatima's?—

"I will grow round him in his place;
Grow, live, die looking on his face;
Die, dying clasped in his embrace."

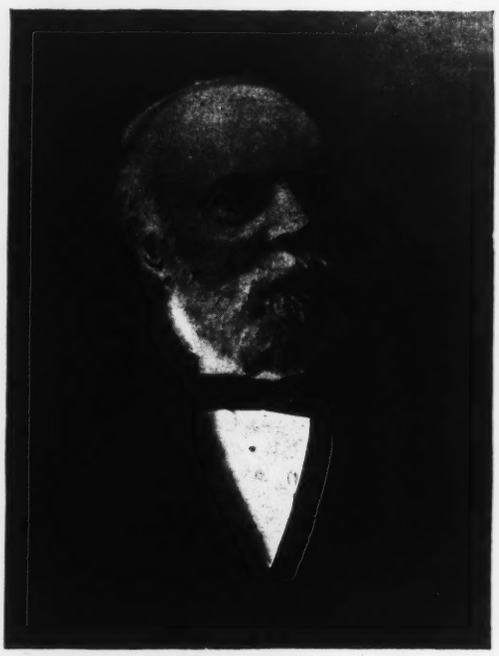
EMILY CONSTANCE COOK.

JOURNALISTIC AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

I.—SIR JOHN LENG, M.P., D.L., ETC.

NOT of my own initiative, but in compliance with a request from my friend Dr. Robertson Nicoll, I write the following sketch of my journalistic career.

When a boy of fourteen, at the Hull Grammar School, I began playing at journalism as joint-editor of a manuscript school magazine. I had previously won the favour of the headmaster by the summaries I wrote of his lectures on physics, chemistry, and astronomy, which interested me more than all the ordinary lessons. If there had been educational



SIR JOHN LENG.
From a private photo taken in 1900.

endowments for "bursaries," such as have long abounded in Scotland, I should probably have gone from the Grammar School to Oxford or Cambridge. Hull had only one poor Scholarship of £15 a year, and I frankly surrendered it to

a more deserving scholar. Undecided what profession to follow, I became assistant for some time to the master of a private school, who excelled in mathematics, and left me to teach the little that was taught of Latin and Greek. Having

SIR JOHN LENG.
(From an unpublished photo taken in 1851.)

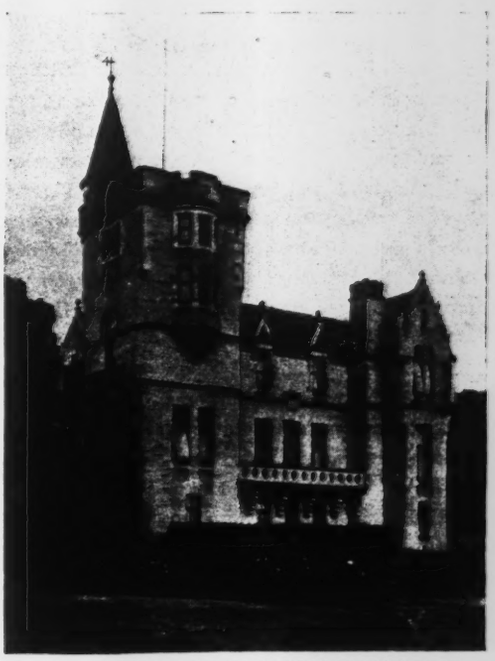
my evenings free I read much, and relieved my reading by occasionally writing a short letter to the principal weekly local newspaper. With what delight I saw the first of these honoured with all the dignity of type. Never again, I suppose, is a literary youth so elated as the first time he sees himself in print!

After publishing three or four of my letters the editor expressed a desire to see me. When I called he recommended me to learn a system of shorthand, and promised that when I attained proficiency he would appoint me his assistant reporter. For three months I practised shorthand mentally and manually by day and night, and was then appointed at £1 a week. A few months later I was promoted to the chief-reportership, which carried with it the sub-editorship. That was when I was nineteen years of age. My salary was two sovereigns a week, and I have never since felt so rich, as I was able to meet all my expenses and save one of the sovereigns till in 1851 I was in possession of a couple of hundreds of pounds. A friend sent me an advertisement of the editorship of a journal in Scotland. To this I replied, setting forth my ideas of conducting a newspaper. For three months I received no answer. Then came an urgent request for me to visit Dundee without delay. Having done this I was within half-an-hour engaged as editor of the *Dundee Advertiser*, and early in the following year was offered a partnership as editor, managing proprietor, and publisher—which has continued now for close upon fifty years—one of my colleagues who engaged me being still alive.

Such was the evolution of one who is now the oldest of active Scottish journalists, and has been honoured by an invitation to become, in May next, the President of the Newspaper Society of the United Kingdom. As in all such cases, there seems to have been a certain youthful aptitude and taste for literary effort, along with some natural endowment and acquired capability, all combining to fit the man for his vocation. It is not for me here and now to expatiate on the details of my work. These have been set forth with sufficient fulness in the Centenary Number of the *Dundee Advertiser*. I may render more service to aspirants by indicating to what I attribute such success as I have attained, and for which I cannot be sufficiently grateful.

(1) A capacity for hard and long-sustained work. Never physically robust, I had perhaps more than an average reserve of nervous energy. Such health as was given to me I carefully preserved by avoiding every excess. I have always worked by water power. Too many men of fine natural organisation have I seen incapacitate themselves for effort when required by indulging their appetites. Temperance in all things should be carefully studied. When a youth I voluntarily took long spells of newspaper work such as newspaper men nowadays are never expected to attempt. I was not only editor, but sub-editor, reviewer, dramatic and musical critic, descriptive writer and contributor of special articles. At Hull I regularly spent in the office twenty-four hours—from six o'clock in the morning of one day each week, to the same hour of the next day. After coming to Dundee I for years made a rule of standing by the up-maker, and afterwards seeing the first copy of each paper printed. I never ate the bread of idleness. In the summer I found my rest in recreation; in the winter in quiet reading and the enjoyment of music and art.

(2) An Englishman in Scotland, it seemed to me prudent to adapt myself to the latitude and longitude in which I found myself. Never disavowing it, I have seldom been taunted on account of my nationality. But I specially considered the requirements of the town, district, and country in which I was placed, and wrote and wrought for them as of supreme importance. In this way I made the reputation



KINBRAE, NEWPORT, FIFE, THE RESIDENCE OF SIR JOHN LENG SINCE 1872.

of journals which have secured not merely local, but national and especially Scottish, repute. Only by the co-operation of able Scottish colleagues and contributors could this be accomplished, and it has been a great gratification to me in recent years to learn how many of the most successful literary men and women of the day first saw themselves in

print, and received their first pecuniary encouragement, in and from the *Dundee Advertiser*, *People's Journal*, or *People's Friend*. In the choice of heads of departments, and more particularly of literary assistants, I have preferred Scotsmen as being "racy of the soil." Two or three exceptions made in favour of my own countrymen were unfortunate, and I have long discouraged English pressmen travelling North. That is not natural for them, as on the contrary it is for Scotsmen to travel South.

(3) In newspaper editing and management my aim has been not mere financial success, however requisite that may be. I have sought and procured large circulations by the issue of well-printed publications, on superior paper, mentally educative and morally clean, wholesome and elevating. Large circulations have been, and can be, obtained by pandering to the worst tastes of the lowest class of readers. I should feel myself degraded if I had so obtained them. I rejoice, on the other hand, to have radiated within the spheres of my influence the "sweetness and light" of the purest and brightest minds I have been able to associate with my undertakings. My plan has been to work up to the best models, when I could not set new examples. To this end the selection of competent and trustworthy men and women as assistants in every department has been most important. Then, having selected them, my rule has been to trust them fully; to devolve on them their proper responsibility and not interfere needlessly in details, or irritate them by trivial complaints. This, I am certain, is the best method of securing the best service and the best results.

(4) Next to having the best men and women as colleagues one must have the best plant and the best machinery; and light, bright, airy, well-kept, and convenient buildings. Nowhere is technical and scientific information more indispensable than in a large printing and publishing office. Electricity, both for the transmission of news and light and motive power, is becoming a vital agency, while an acquaintance with almost all the "statics" is of much advantage.

Much must remain unsaid within the compass of a short sketch like this, but I may finally mention that I was one of the first of newspaper proprietors and publishers to recognise the necessity and advocate the importance of liberating the press from the three "taxes on knowledge"—the compulsory penny stamp on every copy of a newspaper; the Government duty, first of 3s. 6d., and then of 1s. 6d. on each advertisement; and the Excise tax of 1½d. on every lb. avoirdupois of paper used for printing purposes. The majority of newspaper proprietors, including several great Free Traders, opposed that free trade in paper and newspapers which has so greatly benefited both themselves and the public.

I was also one of the first, if not the first, newspaper editor and manager in the provinces to introduce ladies on my literary staff, and to make a daily feature of pictorial illustrations. In my early days editors and sub-editors never thought of women and children as readers of newspapers. As soon as the abolition of the stamp and paper duties led to the establishment of penny papers, and the multiplication of readers by hundreds and thousands, I saw the expediency of cultivating the interest of women and young people, not excluding children, in popular publications. The success of the *Illustrated News* suggested to me the idea of a daily illustrated paper. Beginning with mechanical etchings on chalk, and soon advancing by the aid of artistic drawings and zincography, I set examples in both morning, evening, and weekly journals which have now been extensively followed. In like manner I was one of the first to introduce artistic illustrations in advertisements. Unfortunately this has led to the printing of "block" advertisements in which blackness and ugliness are thought more attractive than beauty and good taste. My hope is that newspaper publishers will not descend lower in this direction, but gradually return to a higher standard of typography and illustrations.

JOHN LENG.

NEW BOOKS.

THE DESTRUCTION OF ANCIENT ROME.*

Of the many conditions which he must fulfil who is to be a really great authority on the ancient topography and geography of a country or of a great city like Rome or

MRS. GASKELL.

From a beautiful bas-relief erected on the front of Knutsford Post Office in 1898, by Mr. R. H. Watt.

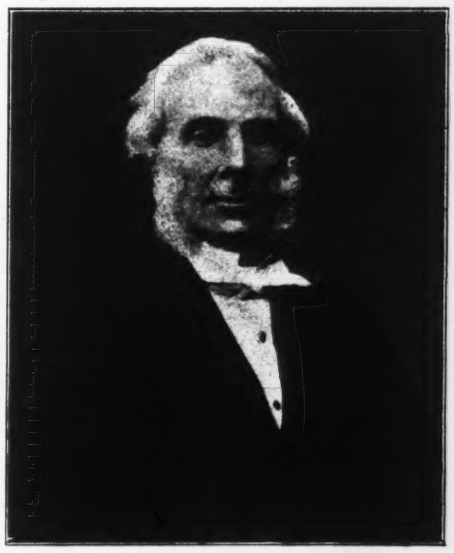
"The work was admirably carried out by an Italian artist, Cavaliere Ochille D'Orsi, Professor of the Fine Arts in the Royal Academy of Naples. The portrait is a bust of Mrs. Gaskell from the photograph which was taken in Edinburgh a year or two before her death, and is worked in bronze. Sufficient indication is given of the name in the fact that a copy of 'Cranford' lies at the base of the figure, together with a quill pen and a laurel wreath."

Reproduced by kind permission from "Mrs. Gaskell and Knutsford," by Rev. G. A. Payne. (Manchester: Clarkson and Griffiths.)

Constantinople, one of the most important is lapse of time. One must spend a great many years both in practical work with spade and compass and in quiet thinking over the results of the practical work. It has fallen to Professor Lanciani's lot to have such opportunities as no one can ever again possess, to stand by and direct or observe the work of

* "The Destruction of Ancient Rome." By Rodolfo Lanciani. 8s. 6d. (Macmillan and Co.)

diggers and builders in the process whereby Rome has been transformed from a moderate-sized mediæval city into a large modern city. Much of what he saw was destroyed or for ever concealed the moment after he saw it. It was a matter of incalculable importance for the history of the world's capital that he was present, almost continuously, equipped with the requisite previous historical training and the necessary scientific equipment for observing, understanding, and recording the facts. How many facts came before him which would give no information, except to one who brought a vast store of knowledge of small details, recorded here and there in the most diverse authorities, to bear upon the study of them! He sees, for example, a capital of enormous size uncovered in May, 1891, not far from the Pantheon: it was so big that it could not be removed from its place and had to be left "where it lay, on account of the danger of undermining the neighbouring houses" if it were disturbed. That capital will not probably be seen again until a great fire, with the consequent digging and rebuilding, and a great Roman archæologist meet on the spot. But a single capital means nothing, however big it may be: it is merely a curiosity. But to Professor Lanciani it recalls three others of the same kind—one was found in laying the foundations of a palace close by about 1560, and out of it "the coat of arms of the Pope on the Porta Pia was chiselled;" a second was found in 1862, a third in 1876. They were found "lying on a line measuring 300 feet between the two outermost." Put them together in imagination. There results the colonnade of Bonus Eventus, built by Agrippa, and longed for by Ovid in his Pontic exile, "the columns of which were 47 feet high, the capitals six feet high and fourteen feet in circumference—the significance of these dimensions will best be appreciated by architects." Out of four stones you remake the colonnade. The reasoning briefly indicated here in the book under review was drawn out in detail by Professor Lanciani in a more learned study; yet even this account suggests how complete and compelling the evidence is, how certain the result. But how much knowledge, skill, patience, and keenness of wit were needed to bring about the result!



REV. WILLIAM GASKELL, M.A., HUSBAND OF MRS. GASKELL.

'Among the thousands who know the works of Mrs. Gaskell, and have enjoyed reading 'Cranford,' there are few who know that her husband was in many ways a remarkable man. It may be said that the *world* knew Mrs. Gaskell, and that Lancashire knew Mr. Gaskell.

"The Rev. J. J. Wright thus describes Mr. Gaskell: 'In appearance Mr. Gaskell was somewhat tall, rather slender, and he walked and stood with stately graciousness. There was something clean and sweet, and refined and pure, in his very presence. It used to be said that his appearance in the pulpit was a sermon in itself, as certainly it was a benediction.'

Reproduced by kind permission from "Mrs. Gaskell and Knutsford," by Rev. G. A. Payne. (Manchester: Clarkson and Griffiths.)

We observe also in this case an inconvenience that is often felt by Lanciani's readers in this and others of his English books. The reader wants to get fuller information, but the author gives him no help and no reference; and he has to turn to some other book, such as Middleton's "Remains of Ancient Rome," to discover that Lanciani has treated the subject fully in the "Bullettino d. Commiss. Archeol. Communale di Roma," 1891.

This may be taken as an example of the method by which Lanciani has created the map of ancient Rome, and also of the way in which he lends to his books on Rome the extraordinary interest which they possess. He tells with admirable simplicity how the details are found; he makes his readers discover for themselves how they come together. To read one of his books is like going on a voyage of discovery, in which the "finds" succeed one another in unbroken succession—one gets the pleasure without the long patient waiting and watching and work of the original discoverer.

In this volume he describes especially the way in which the enormous masses of the vast buildings of Imperial Rome have—with few exceptions—disappeared; and he shows how narrowly some of those exceptions escaped the fate designed for them—generally at the hands of the Romans themselves. It is the necessary fate of a city where habitation and large population have been continuous, that the old is always being destroyed to make room for the new. The only exception to the rule of destruction is under an utterly rude and uncivilised administration, like that of the Turks. Civilisation, and not either nature or barbarism, is the great destroying agent, because to rebuild one begins by destroying. Augustus found Rome of brick, and he left it of marble. But in the process he destroyed or covered over the old Rome; and many of the buildings of greatest historic and antiquarian interest disappeared in the process. In Turkey, at the present time, when civilisation and railways and commerce are spreading over the country, more harm is done in ten years to the ancient remains than was done in a century under the simple Ottoman rule. But if there were any person present always to observe and record the fragments which are disinterred only to be worked up afresh and so for ever destroyed, each ten years now would reveal more of ancient history than all the scholars of the world could formerly discover in a century. Records which might

THE ROSE AND CROWN INN, KNUTSFORD.

One of the picturesque and quaint buildings in High Street, Knutsford, reproduced by kind permission from "Mrs. Gaskell and Knutsford," by Rev. G. A. Payne. (Manchester: Clarkson and Griffiths.)

solve many of the important problems of ancient history are frequently found and broken up; and only by rare chance is any one present who can understand and report about them. It has been the good fortune of Rome that in the epoch of rebuilding during the second half of the nineteenth century a number of trained observers were almost always present; and of those observers and recorders the greatest is Lanciani. W. M. RAMSAY.

MRS. GASKELL AND KNUTSFORD.*

Under this title, and with a little Introduction by Edna Lyall, Mr. Payne has given us a pleasant volume about Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell and the quaint old-world town of Knutsford, where much of the authoress's girlhood was spent, where she was married in the parish church, and where she and her husband are buried in the ancient graveyard of the Brook Street Chapel.

It is to be regretted that there is no real biography of Mrs. Gaskell. The Life of such a writer, if it were told as she lived it, might perhaps, after all, be her finest work: through all her writings, it is the woman, not only the writer, who speaks to us. But it is a work which is not to be given to the world. And so, from time to time, we read a magazine article, and now a sympathetic little booklet such as this; and we are grateful for this picture, from the pen of one who knows the little town so well, of the original of "Cranford," beloved of many. That "Cranford" is Knutsford, is a fact which nobody will deny; and Mr. Payne's careful account of the town and its surroundings, and the pleasing illustrations which accompany it, will certainly, as Edna Lyall says, "send us back to the novels themselves, to refresh our memories with those delicate character-studies and wholesome humorous pictures of life."

SANDLEBRIDGE MILL.

Sandlebridge is the Woodley of "Cranford," where the old bachelor, Mr. Holbrook, lived. Mrs. Gaskell's mother was a daughter of Mr. Holland, of Sandlebridge. Reproduced by kind permission from "Mrs. Gaskell and Knutsford," by Rev. G. A. Payne. (Manchester: Clarkson and Griffiths.)

HEROD.†

A revision of "Herod" is all but promised by its author. But here it is, demanding notice, as Mr. Phillips has consented to send it out. And we write without having seen it on the stage. That a poetic drama should in England at this hour be a success in the theatre is cause for genuine gladness, and however we judge of this one we owe it real gratitude, for it is making a pathway for others to follow.

Mr. Phillips's crowning merit is his unvarying simplicity. His meaning may be worthy or unworthy, but it is never puzzling, never remote. You get near him at once, to admire, or to be left cold. May he never lose this great gift! May it become a habit that will cling when his conceptions grow stronger and richer! Here, we confess, we admire the quality less, because there is no temptation for it to be absent. The conceptions are simple even to bareness. We need the stage at every moment, not to make the drama plain, but to give it the interest that issues from individual actors. Is the newer drama to be such that not only will it bear triumphantly the test of the stage, but will actually demand the help of it? There are some signs of this. Then we shall quickly go back to the simple texts of the old miracle plays. And we shall crave a new and greater race of actors. Of course, in "Herod" there are beautiful lyrical lines, used as ornaments. But this ornament is not intrinsic, and, therefore, does not affect the poetry of the drama one way or the other.

The play is the work of one who has studied stage-craft. Structure is visible. There are few faults in the architecture. The foundations are slight, but not tottering. The plan is clear. The situation is set out perfectly. Herod the *parvenu* has made Judæa a power, has brought it wealth and fame. He is ambitious to dazzle the world, and he does it. Only in his own country has he no honour. The people hanker after the old Macabees in the person of his young brother-in-law Aristobulus. Herod murders Aristobulus, ere he sets off to make Cæsar his ally at Rhodes. The grief of his wife Mariamne for her brother stirs up revolts against him. His pride in his outside triumphs is outraged by her coldness and possible treachery. He kills Mariamne. Then when further triumphs come, he is visited by madness that makes his greatness nought. It is all as plain in the drama as it would be in a descriptive paragraph—and not very much more interesting. What is wanting? Leave all the minor characters alone—they might be shadowier than they are even in a very good play. Here Herod is everything. And Herod? Mr. Phillips has made his Herod quite collectedly. He cannot say, this monster possessed me, over-mastered me. And so while possibilities are never actually outraged, reality is never reached. What do we know of Herod—apart from Mr. Tree's impersonation? He was a great statesman, a great king. We learn that, because messengers come with tidings of triumph. He loved his wife. At least he bade her a tender farewell. But although the great Herod of Mr. Phillips's dreams might well in his private life be the sport of circumstance, he should not be a study in morbid criminality. While her brother is being strangled in a pool below, by his orders, he is maundering to her, "Ever upward and upward—ever hand in hand." The Herod who orders her death, and a few minutes after calls out to her of Judæa's extended boundaries, is a capricious criminal. And thus the effect of the pathos of the end is undermined. Mariamne tells us fairly what he was meant to be:

> "When you wooed, behind you cities crashed;
> Those eyes that dimmed for me flamed in the breach,
> And you were scorched and scarred and dressed in spoils,
> Magnificent in livery of ruin."

But in front of us he is always unworthy. He is meant also as the splendid gatherer and scatterer of wealth, and we learn it because he stands declaiming in somewhat Disraelian fashion:

> "Pour out those pearls,
> And give me in my hand that bar of gold."

And then, alas, the author, thinking perhaps his Herod too crude to please a subtle, and too violent to please a humane

* "Mrs. Gaskell and Knutsford." By the Rev. George A. Payne. (Manchester: Clarkson and Griffiths, Ltd. London: Gay and Bird.)

† "Herod." A Tragedy. By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

audience, has tried to make him more interesting by putting pretty regretful sentiments into his mouth. Herod, the smiter of the Sadducean nobility in the Sanhedrim, the robust criminal for great ends, the man of unrelenting will, concentrated purpose, and no scruples at all, that made Judæa to be counted with, is presented, by moments, as a kind of snivelling Hamlet, whining, with the blood of his victims fresh upon him, of a kingdom of pure gentleness! This sentimentalism is the greatest offence.

We have done wrong to Mr. Phillips's work as a lyric poet by not quoting the beautiful lines in which "Herod" is not wanting. We have judged it solely as a drama. Mr. Phillips, we all know, has lyrical power and to spare, but such power is in no wise essential to the work he has undertaken, the absolute demand of which is the fusion of a profound knowledge of human nature with a great force of intellect, the whole illumined by poetry.

LORD JIM.*

If Mr. Henry James had a consummate knowledge of life at sea and in the Pacific Coast towns and settlements, he would write a novel very like "Lord Jim." Is this praise or blame? Granting the supreme talent of Mr. James, would it be rightly or wrongly devoted to analysing the soul behind the rough and tumble life of a sailor and a ship-chandler's water clerk? Is it well for us to be reminded that such persons may be as infinitely complicated, as civilisedly degenerate as any dweller in refined and sophisticated circles? We do not know. Mr. Conrad may have written an unwise—he certainly has written an interesting book. Let not the tired reader, the reader only in want of amusement or distraction, approach "Lord Jim," for it is more than usually serious, more than usually depressing, and to such as are not psychological students, it must seem very tedious. There is no bad work in it, but there is far too much good—which amounts to the same thing: half of it should have been mercilessly sacrificed, and no essential of the pathetic and attractive and hopeless Jim would have suffered. The book is all Jim—there is nothing else in it that counts. He is a romanticist, a sentimentalist, a sailor made of fine stuff, who had all his young life "been elaborating dangers and defences, expecting the worst, rehearsing his best." But the worst came in an unexpected way, and, speaking brutally, he proved himself a coward; speaking charitably, he lost his opportunity. He never will face that part of him that made "the mistake," but he knows he has to expiate it. The "mistake" dogs him. In the end he goes out of his way to seek a bullet, so that with his last consciousness he may feel he is no coward. And his biographer, who loves him, yet must comment thus on the fact: "He goes away from a living woman to celebrate his pitiless wedding with a shadowy ideal of conduct." Judged as a story, "Lord Jim" may find various criticism. Judged as a document, it must be acknowledged a masterpiece.

MR. JOSEPH CONRAD.

THE NEW BIOGRAPHY OF LORD ROBERTS.†

The dominant note in this very capable book is struck in its very first paragraph, where the hero of so many past exploits is presented as "about to crown the edifice of his life's work by the reorganisation of that complex and ancient institution, the British Army." More power to him! But whatever be the probability of success in a bigger task than even Lord Roberts has ever yet undertaken, the words show Captain Cairnes's point of view. He is a soldier, and not merely an uncritical relater of adventures and exploits. He can appreciate not merely the general difficulty of the campaigns, but also all the hindrances due to the system under which the great general has worked. While hearty loyalty to the Army is seen on every page, one can feel how glad is the writer to show Lord Roberts as the open-minded, reasonable reformer, with whom tradition has never been a fetich. And just how hardly army reform is pushed through is discreetly suggested by the tale of the general's narrow escape from death at the hands of the headman of Bhagwana, his defender and saviour, a cavalry soldier, being defenceless, as according to the regulations his arms were either where he could not use them when dismounted, or where they impeded his movements. Thanks to his persistent representations, half the reform has been carried out—the cavalry soldier's sword is now attached to the saddle; but his carbine is still carried in the bucket. Tradition is too strong for the strongest will. But in one direction Lord Roberts has broken it down effectively and most beneficently, in the treatment of the young soldier. "A long experience of war had taught him that too many careers were ruined owing to the manner in which the permanent record of some trivial offence, committed in the first months of a soldier's service, so frequently ruined his after prospects in the army," and when he became Commander-in-Chief in India he was able to carry his merciful design into effect. The section on the Boer war is necessarily short. Lord Roberts's part in it is perhaps not yet over, though the rest of his exploits may be not on South African soil but in the War Office. The biography is purely a military one, and the author's technical knowledge marks it off with distinction from the many popular but superficial compilations on the hero of the day.

* "Lord Jim." By Joseph Conrad. 6s. (Blackwood.)

† "Lord Roberts as a Soldier in Peace and War." A Biography. By Captain W. E. Cairnes. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

NOVEL NOTES.

SONGS AND SAYINGS OF GOWRIE. By Adam Philip. 5s. net. (Oliphant.)

The Carse of Gowrie is one of the most beautiful parts of Scotland. Its history is interesting, and it has perhaps more than an average number of natives who have expressed their love of it in song. But Mr. Philip owns, "Few of their songs are likely to live in any national collection." And judging from the specimens here, we are forced to agree with him. A few old poems, notably "Bonnie Jean mak's muckle o' me," the fine ballad of King Gregory, "The Lass of Gowrie," and certain of Lady Nairne's songs need no local association to give them interest. But most of the rest of them are compositions of men in whom patriotism was stronger than literary culture, who had not the gift of simplicity; of amiable writers, who, in Mr. Philip's peculiar but striking phrase, "were addicted to poetry," and were indifferent to the quality of their dram. But it is for Perthshire and the kingdom of Fife the book has been made, and there surely full recognition will be paid to the pious and intelligent industry of the compiler.

THE LADY OF DREAMS. By Una L. Silberrad. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Once in a while the reviewer, keen on discovery, happens on a book by a new writer that gives him the unmistakable shock of genius, and he has his reward for the days of patient waiting. Miss Silberrad published her first novel, "The Enchanter," just a year ago, and the surprised delight of its freshness of feeling, its vigorous characterisation and pleasant fund of humour, made us look for her second novel with considerable eagerness. But "The Lady of Dreams" proves that this new writer is one to be reckoned with in the future; not only is it a great advance in a literary sense, but the change of mood and *milieu* shows that Miss Silberrad has the temperament of the creative artist. A subject of sombre aspect is lightened and relieved by the constant contact of humour in its true sense, humour that arises from an imaginative blending of romance and realism. It is the quality of her imagination that lifts her at a bound out of the crowded ranks of present-day story-tellers. The tale itself is an old one—two men and a woman—but one of the characters, at least, remains in the memory as a living personality, as one whom you had known and would long

remember with respect and lingering admiration. Dr. Jim Tancreed, and not the Lady of Dreams, is the central figure in the story. "I am the most matter-of-fact person alive and the happiest," he told his friend Dick Orpingham, who contradicted him with conviction, and Jim's reply is characteristic: "I don't see the world anyhow, Dicky, or myself either; that's the point. When I see myself looming on the horizon I look the other way; I dare say I should be sad if I did see it. I know I shall be sad if I don't see that pipe soon; you don't happen to have noticed it about anywhere?" There in a sentence you have Jim.

The story is a simple one, but so vivified by Miss Silberrad's remarkable power of vision, in which you behold all things in the glory and the freshness of a dream, that the story counts for less than the poetic illumination and spiritual beauty of its revealed truth. In a few words, the writer can flash the visual impression of a portrait upon the mind, as, for example, Jim's first glimpse of his Lady of Dreams. "He could see her face distinctly now, white against the background of darkness; a small, quiet, childish face with the far-seeing, unseeing eyes of one who sleeps, eyes which looked forth with a pathetic intentness from a face which was still with the stillness of death." There are two chapters —"The End of the Dream" and "The Sins of the Fathers" —in which Miss Silberrad reaches a high-water mark, and which are as powerful in their artistic treatment of a grim situation as could well be achieved. The deepest note in the book is sounded in the latter chapter, and is indicated in the following passage: "One generation profits nothing going down to the mire of death in defeat, but the vain struggles go to strengthen the thews of the generations yet to come and help them the better to meet the foe, itself often the legacy of their father's sin." "The Lady of Dreams" is, without a doubt, the most original, the most profoundly interesting, and the most memorable of the novels of the last year of the nineteenth century, and places Miss Silberrad among the foremost of the younger novelists confronting the new century, with promise and hope.

A MISSING HERO. By Mrs. Alexander. 6s. (Chatto.)

This is the kind of story to put you in an excellent temper with the world for half an hour or so. Of course, the missing hero turns up, after all kinds of interesting adventures; and, of course, there were no disreputable reasons for his being lost to his friends and for his change of name. And the child whom he loved at nine, he finds again in the wilds of South Africa of a marriageable age and still more entrancing, and admirably fitted to grace his mansion, when he comes into his own. So determined is Mrs. Alexander to be pleasant that she even lets the villain off his due punishment, with a warning.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE DHAMMA OF GOTAMA THE BUDDHA, AND THE GOSPEL OF JESUS THE CHRIST. A Critical Inquiry into the Alleged Relations of Buddhism with Primitive Christianity. By Charles Francis Aiken, S.T.D. (Boston: Marlier and Co., Ltd.)

Although the title of Professor Aiken's treatise might lead one to suppose that it merely reconsiders a question which criticism has already finally answered, it really covers a much wider and more attractive field. Indeed it is a fairly complete account of Buddha and Buddhism, including a very thorough criticism of the alleged borrowings of Christianity from the great Eastern religion. Anyone who is not already convinced that Prof. Seydel and Mr. Lillie can only make out a plausible case by committing themselves to anachronisms, and dealing with both religions in an eminently uncritical fashion, will find a quietus given to his remaining doubts in Dr. Aiken's volume. He will also find what is much more profitable, a lucid account of the origin and character of Buddhism, and of its relation to Brahmanism. There is also appended a full bibliography of the important subjects handled in the volume, so that in every respect Dr. Aiken's treatise will be found one of the most interesting and trustworthy introductions to the study of Buddhism.

LINES OF DEFENCE OF THE BIBLICAL REVELATION. By D. S. Margoliouth, M.A., Laudian Professor of Arabic in the University of Oxford. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Almost the whole of Professor Margoliouth's volume is composed of papers which appeared in the *Expositor* last year, and attracted attention on account of their vigorous opposition to some of the most confident conclusions of Biblical criticism. The arguments of a mere unlearned traditionalist might have received little notice, but the reasonings and findings of so learned an Orientalist could not fail to provoke criticism. Prof. Margoliouth is very confident that the whole of the book of Isaiah proceeds from one hand, that the Song of Solomon was written by him whose name it bears, that the Wisdom of Solomon is quoted in Isaiah, and that its style and historic background agree with the theory of Solomonic authorship. The bearing of this on the modern criticism of the Pentateuch is obvious. For the Pentateuch of the author of the Book of Wisdom is practically the same as the Pentateuch as we now have it. But Professor Margoliouth, with all his learning, is not the closest of reasoners. What, for example, could be less justified than the following: "If a collection of books had in 200 B.C. acquired such tremendous authority that a writer of unusual commonsense could identify it with the Divine Wisdom, how could any fresh matter be smuggled into that collection later than 200 B.C.?" The history of the Canon cannot so easily be put out of court.

DEIRDRE WED, and Other Poems. By Herbert Trench. 5s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Trench is a poet. Smoother, cleverer, more melodious books of verse come out by the score; but not so many that convince us as does his that the true fire of poetry is in them. And yet "Deirdre" is not very satisfying. The matter of the legends is too near his eyes. Had he absorbed it longer and written more of its essence, with less care for detail, he had done better; for if we read his talents right, they are rather those of a subjective writer than of a born story-teller. In the shorter poems he has attained to real success, in the "Song for the Funeral of a Boy," "In the Roman Amphitheatre, Verona," and especially the simplest of all, "Maurya's Song," where there is more of the heart of Ireland than in all his "Deirdre"—

"Vein o' my heart, from the lone mountain,
The smoke of the turf will die,
And the stream that sang to the gay childer
Run down alone from the sky;
On the door-stone, grass—and the cloud lying
Where they lie,
In the old country."

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

FEBRUARY, 1901.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor of the Young Authors' Page, "Bookman" Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

DECEMBER 15TH, 1900, TO JANUARY 15TH, 1901.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

AIKEN, CHARLES FRANCIS, S.T.D.—The Dhamma of Gotama the Buddha, and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ, $1.50 *Marlier (Boston)*

BARON, DAVID.—The Ancient Scriptures and the Modern Jew, 6/- *Hodder & Stoughton*

[A notable volume, in which the Jewish question, from the prophetic words in the Ancient Scriptures to the lives, position, and general condition of the Hebrew people at the present time, is discussed broadly and with real force by one who has made a long study of his subject.]

CAVALIER, E. F., M.A.—The Preacher's Dictionary, 12/- *Hodder & Stoughton*

GARNIER, J.—The True Christ and the False Christ, 2 vols., 5/- each, net ..... *Allen*

[The author has some biting words to say about "a large number of people who call themselves Christians." His book is able and straightforward. Giving a definition of a false Christ, he goes on to portray the true Christ, Truth revealed, and the true Atonement. The second volume deals mainly with forms of idolatry and religious error.]

HILLIS, NEWELL DWIGHT.—The Influence of Christ in Modern Life, 6/- ..... *Macmillan*

[The attempt here made by the author to distinguish between the transient and the lasting elements of religion is mainly for the benefit of the educated but sceptical younger generation, and for the hurried workers, who, in their growing interest in the great simplicities of Christianity, continually demand "what is left of the teaching of Christ."]

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